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### THE DAISY.

BY M. D. G.

Only a daisy, yet was I the fairest
Of all the fair children that brightened the lawn;
Not gladder than I could be red rose, the rarest,
And happy I greeted both evening and dawn.

Still, unknown to myself, there was hid in my heart
A secret, beloved of the idle and young;
They sought me, and tearing each petal apart,
They gave to my secret a voice and a tongue.

With "he loves me," "He loves me not,"
knowledge is death!
Ah, why did fair Flora bestow such a power?
What ill laden wind, misfortune's own breath,
First whispered abroad the strange gift the flower?

Ah! why, to content them with that they know,
Must my crimson-tipped petals lie trampled in dust;
Was there nothing, in looks, or in words, that could show
The vision eyed maidens whose love they might trust?

## Under False Colors.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WILFUL WARD," "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND STEEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII—(CONTINUED)

"FORGIVE me, dear!" continued the kindly woman. "Sir Humphrey has confided all his trouble to me, and I am going to help him. You remind me of my own dear Joan, and it pains me to see you unhappy. Believe me, any girl might be proud to be loved by Humphrey Lisle."

"I know it," Joan cried—"I know it!"

"There must be some very important reason for your refusing him," added Mrs. Merriton, ignoring the interruption.

"You have no mother, Joan, so let me stand in the place of one to you in this matter. Tell me, darling"—putting her arm round the weeping girl—"do you care for him?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"Ah, I thought so! Then why can't you marry him? Recollect, he doesn't regret that you have no money; he loves you for himself. Is that the reason you refused him, Joan?"

"No!" was the almost whispered answer.

Mrs. Merriton looked puzzled.

"Won't you confide in me?" she asked gently, after a pause. "I will promise that your confidence shall be sacred."

Joan raised her head and looked into the handsome kindly face and honest eyes of Mrs. Merriton.

"I—I wish I dared," she said hesitatingly.

"You may safely do it, Joan. Come and sit on this stool at my feet, and fancy I am your mother."

"My mother? OH, no, no!"

There was so much horror in Joan's tone that Mrs. Merriton was startled. The girl, however, did as she was told.

She sat at Mrs. Merriton's knee; and, while the latter softly stroked the pretty hair, Joan, in a low frightened voice, unfolded the story of her secret.

"Then you, and not Esther, is Lady Ellen's niece and the heiress?" Mrs. Merriton said softly, when Joan ceased speaking; and she smiled to herself, thinking how far this money would go to atone for any family shortcomings on the part of the future Lady Lisle's family.

"Yes—I am Joan Ainslie."

"Well, I think Esther Vyse has behaved abominably," Mrs. Merriton uttered wrathfully, "and I should like to tell her so!"

"But—but you promised!" Joan started up in terror.

"My dear, you may trust me completely. I shall not betray you. Would you mind my having those newspaper-cuttings to read? I will take great care of them.

"Yes—I should like you to see them; then you will know how impossible it is that I could ever marry Sir Humphrey Lisle," Joan replied; and she forthwith went upstairs and fetched them.

Mrs. Merriton put them carefully away in her pocket, and then changing the conversation she began to talk cheerfully of other and more general matters till the girl grew quite happy and amused. Then Rachel brought in tea, and Joan and her visitor had it together cosily over the fire. Miss Ainslie was quite sorry when the sound of wheels announced Sir Humphrey's return, and Mrs. Merriton rose to go.

"I mustn't keep him waiting," remarked the latter, "and you don't want him to come in. Good-by, dearest child! Take care of yourself, and keep a good heart. I believe all will come right in the end."

A soft embrace and kiss, and Mrs. Merriton was gone. Joan felt that she had found a friend, and, when she sat down again by the fire, a smile was on her lips and the light of hope in her eyes.

The expression was still there when Rachel came in to remove the tea-things, bearing in her hand a small basket.

"Sir Humphrey left this, Miss Joan," she said, "with his kind regards."

When Joan unfastened the basket she found the top covered with violets, while underneath lay a bunch of big purple grapes and two or three white rosebuds. They came to her like a sweet whisper of unchanging love.

Meanwhile the dog-cart, containing Mrs. Merriton and her charioteer, bowled down the misty country lanes.

"She told me all," said the lady. "No, Sir Humphrey, I am not going to betray one word of her confidence, because I promised her I would not. But I told her when I left to keep up a good heart, for I believed all would come right in the end, and I tell you the same."

That evening the Field Royal post-bag contained a letter in Mrs. Merriton's handwriting, addressed to—"The Lady Ellen Ainslie, Villa Bellario, Nice."

* * * * * *

It was a cold raw day at the end of November, with a chilly wind blowing over the hills, and dampness all around.

Joan was to have returned, much against her will, to Field Royal, Lady Lisle having written her a coldly-worded invitation to do so.

But a note from Esther, charging the girl not to think of coming, but to make some excuse for refusing, as she herself was returning to Rook's Nest on the morrow, had thrown Joan into a state of terrified apprehension.

It resulted in the latter sending back word to her ladyship that her cold was not better, and therefore she thought she had better remain indoors till the weather had in some measure improved.

Now the fact was that Esther had received a shock, and realizing that her chance of becoming Lady Lisle was at an end, had made up her mind that she would fulfil her threat and expose Joan, afterwards taking her departure for ever from the scene of her ignominious defeat.

The surprise she had experienced was this.

Gliding softly down the stairs on her way to the drawing-room she had come upon Kitty Lisle and her fiance standing together before the big fire in the hall.

They were in earnest conversation, and neither saw nor heard her approach.

"And he is only waiting until she comes back," Kitty said, "for he knows she cares for him and will accept him in the end. I am so glad, for I like Joan, and she will make Humphrey a much better wife than Miss Ainslie, in spite of her money."

Esther did not wait to hear more. The iron of disappointment and revenge had entered into her soul, and she resolved that Joan, her successful rival, should share her ignominy and defeat. So she returned to her room, wrote a note and despatched it to Rook's Nest, then sat down, with what patience she possessed, to bide her time till an opportunity occurred of telling all she knew of Sir Humphrey Lisle.

It did not come till late in the afternoon. The Baronet had been absent all day at a cattle show, and Esther had almost begun to despair of being able to see him alone, when, to her surprise, she met him coming in at the door just as she was crossing the hall to put some letters into the post-bag.

"You have had a cold drive," she remarked, as he came to where she stood and threw his gloves upon the table.

"Yes," he replied—"it is wretched weather. Did Miss Vyse get here comfortably?"

"She is not coming. By-the-bye, Sir Humphrey, I have a message from her for you. Could I see you alone for a few minutes?"

"Certainly!"—and, glancing with a puzzled expression at Esther's pale face, Sir Humphrey turned and led the way to his private sanctum.

A bright fire was burning in the grate, and the room looked remarkably cosy.

Sir Humphrey drew up an easy chair for Esther, and, standing on the rug before her, waited for her to speak.

"I am given to understand," the girl began, turning a diamond ring round and round upon her finger, "that you take more than a friendly interest in all that concerns my companion, Miss Vyse."

Sir Humphrey inclined his head.

"In fact, that you"—the words came with difficulty—"contemplate making her your wife."

"I certainly hope to do so," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Have you made known your hopes to her?"

"Yes," answered Sir Humphrey.

Esther winced, and her eyes flashed.

"Of course she was only too glad to accept you?"

"On the contrary, she refused."

For one moment there was a gleam of something like hope in Esther's mind. Was she not being too precipitate?

But then came the words Kitty had spoken, "He is only waiting till she comes back, for he knows she cares for him and will accept him in the end," and her voice grew harder still as she proceeded.

"I suppose she gave you no reason for her refusal?"

"No—but I shall discover it in time and scatter it to the four winds!"

There was a ring of hopeful triumph in Sir Humphrey's tones, at which Esther laughed ironically.

"You can discover it now if you will," she said. "I can tell it you—but it is not a reason to be lightly regarded."

"You know it?" Sir Humphrey bent towards her eagerly. "Is it that she is engaged to any one else?" he asked anxiously.

"Not that I know of. Men, as a rule, don't care to marry a girl whose mother is a convict undergoing penal servitude for life for the murder of her husband!" was the startling reply, and Esther's hazel eyes were raised with curious intent scrutiny to Sir Humphrey's face.

She saw him turn pale, and he staggered as though he had received a cruel blow.

"It is not true!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

"Ask Joan if it is not. Besides, I have seen the account of the trial. You can see it if you choose; it was in 18—, and the papers were full of it."

Sir Humphrey turned upon her fiercely.

"Why do you tell me this?" he asked, with a gleam in his eyes before which hers quailed. "What has she done to you that you should malign her to me?"

"Done? She has come between me and the great wish of my heart," she answered bitterly. "However, that is not the reason I have told you. The Lisles have always been proud of their family honor—so your mother has often declared to me. I thought it a pity that it should be sullied."

Esther rose as she spoke, but Sir Humphrey made no reply. Neither did he offer to detain her, as, with another scrutinizing look at him, she swept haughtily from the room.

Lady Lisle, whom she found alone in the drawing room, was the next to receive her startling communication, and Esther felt amply revenged as she listened to her ladyship's horrified denunciation of Joan and her determination to compel Miss Vyse to leave the neighborhood.

This was just what Esther wanted. She had carefully suppressed the fact of Joan's identity, and, by getting her to leave Rook's Nest without discovering that her story was known, the way might be paved to a last chance of gaining her own ambitious ends.

There was no outward sign of anything having happened when, a few minutes later, the rest of the Field Royal house-party assembled in the drawing-room for tea. Sir Humphrey looked pale and thoughtful, and avoided Miss Ainslie as much as possible. But Esther herself was particularly sweet and amiable, even condescending to be polite to Jack Forsythe who found himself unconsciously drawn into a confidential chat with her.

Conversation was proceeding merrily, when the door suddenly opened and the butler announced—

"Lady Ellen Ainslie."

Mrs. Merriton went forward to greet the new-comer and introduce her to Lady Lisle. The latter welcomed her kindly—even effusively.

"I have come unexpectedly to England on business," Lady Ellen explained, "and, as I knew my niece was here I took the liberty of calling on my way to Rook's Nest. She is here, is she not?"—looking round.

Esther felt that exposure was inevitable.

"Yes. Miss Ainslie, my dear," Lady Lisle began. But Lady Ellen interrupted her.

"Ah, Miss Vyse, how do you do? Where is Joan?"

"She went back to Rook's Nest, as she was ill," Esther answered in a low tone.

"And how is it you are not with her?" Lady Ellen asked sternly, while the rest of the company stopped talking to listen.

"Which is Sir Humphrey Lisle?" inquired Lady Ellen.

The young Baronet came forward, saying—

"I am Humphrey Lisle, at your service."

Joan's aunt held out her hand.

"I wanted to see you," she commenced; then, lowering her voice, continued—"Has she"—nodding towards Esther—"told you that Joan's mother is in prison?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then"—and Lady Ellen's brow contracted and she darted an angry glance at Esther—"I must explain to every one here that a cruel wrong has been done my dear niece, Joan Ainslie. Thanks to the friendly intervention of a lady, I am in time to set it right."

This—woman—pointing at the pretended heiress—"accidentally discovered among my private papers the account of the trial of a woman who bore the same name as Joan's mother; she had murdered her husband. It was a singular coincidence, and caused us much annoyance at the time; but I never told Joan of it, as I did not consider it necessary. It appears however that Miss Vyse took upon herself that task, and, under threats of divulging the story, induced my niece to let her personate the heiress, while she herself was to be the companion. But Esther Vyse has gone farther than that; she has systematically persecuted my niece and maligned her to her friends."

"But—is Joan your niece?" asked Sir Humphrey excitedly, as Lady Ellen paused.

"Yes."

"Then"—it was Lady Lisle who spoke now—"her mother——"

"Died when Joan was born. She was a lovely delicate creature, whose death broke her husband's heart. I feel," continued Lady Ellen after a pause, "that all this is my fault for having kept those stupid newspaper-cuttings. Well, I must now go to Joan: I have my carriage here."

"No, indeed, Lady Ellen, you must stay with us," Lady Lisle said quickly. "I will send for Miss Ainslie."

"May I take your carriage, Lady Ellen? I will fetch her—do let me!"—and Sir Humphrey added a few words in a lower tone to her ladyship, which made her laugh and tap the young fellow's arm playfully with her card-case.

"Very well," she said; "but be sure you don't return without her."

"I shall not do that," was the rejoinder, as Sir Humphrey hurried away.

* * * * * * *

Once more Joan sat, sad and listless, by the drawing-room fire at Rook's Nest. All her hopes were crushed by Esther's letter, and she felt that nothing was left for her but departure from the place.

By this time, probably, Sir Humphrey knew all, and was blessing his lucky stars that he had discovered in time the disgrace attaching to her, but——

"Sir Humphrey Lisle!"

Joan started up with a suppressed scream as Rachel's voice burst suddenly in upon her thoughts. Sir Humphrey Lisle—and here! Then of course he knew all.

"How are you?" was the question, asked in the voice she loved so well. "Better, I hope."

"Yes, thank you, I am better"—putting her hand in Sir Humphrey's but not raising her eyes.

"I have come to fetch you to Field Royal, Joan."

"I cannot accompany you," the girl said faintly.

"Why not?" Sir Humphrey still held her hand in his, and his eyes were fixed upon her face. "Do you know," he continued, "that your friend Miss Vyse took upon herself to tell me your reason for refusing me?"

Joan snatched her hand away, and, sinking into a chair, covered her face.

"Oh," she cried, "how could she? Go away and leave me!"—suddenly rising and confronting him. "Why do you stay here?"

Sobs choked her utterance, and she tried in vain to compose herself. Sir Humphey put his arm round her and drew her unresistingly towards him.

"Push, sweetheart!" he answered tenderly. "I stay here because I love you, and because your dear mother——"

"Oh, don't! Don't mention her!"

"My darling, she was worthy of all love and honor. She died, Joan, when you were born. Your aunt Ellen has just explained all at Field Royal—the mistake which occurred through the name of the woman at that trial being the same as your parent's."

"My aunt—Lady Ellen—at Field Royal?" Joan raised her head quickly and looked at him.

"Yes—she called there on her way to Rook's Nest. My mother will not let her leave to night, so I am sent to fetch you. Will you come now, Joan? Listen."

Then Sir Humphrey told her all that Lady Ellen had said. When he had finished, Joan's head lay on her breast, and he knew by the glance her blue eyes gave him that her greatest gladness at the discovery of the mistake lay in the fact that she loved him, and had no need now to disguise it.

"I—I will go and get ready," she said at last, trying to disengage herself from his encircling arms. "I won't keep you waiting long."

His arms closed more firmly round her, and Sir Humphrey laughed a glad joyous laugh as he bent till his face was on a level with hers.

"How long will you keep me waiting for my wife?" he asked.

"Let me go," she whispered.

"Kiss me, then, and answer my question."

The dark-blue eyes were raised to his, but Joan remarked, with a smile—

"Dear Mrs. Merriton, it is all her doing."

"Joan!"

The voice was reproachful, and there was a brief pause; but suddenly two arms were thrown round his neck, and, with a "No longer than you like," Joan turned away and fled.

[THE END.]

## Off Cape Horn.

BY S. L. P.

THE fog hung so thick over the sea that one could cut it with a knife. Never before had I seen anything like it. There was a sway in it, too, for I felt it strike my cheeks like icicles, and they fall off again till it was almost warm.

It came suddenly. The wind had steadied down since morning, till now it was paralyzed, or at most beat faintly on the bank through which the ship was slowly pushing her way. Above, the sails loomed out like huge shadows; they seemed but darker patches of the impalpable vapor which clothed all things. I could hear them flap loudly as the ship swayed her tall hamper now this way, now that, reeling and tumbling about on the great crestless seas which rolled up from the westward. And the thundering of the rudder under the round stern, as it felt the weight of the seas, shook the ship to her centre, and combined with the music of the canvas to form a concert too utterly abominable for the seaman to express.

Every minute the bell for'a'd rang out its brazen warning. It was a necessary precaution, for any moment a vessel might have crashed into us through the darkness.

"I can't understand the look of things," said Captain Hawkins, as he came up the companion. "The glass is steady, and yet I don't like it, Mr. Norris; I don't like the weather at all."

"Nor I; it's unnatural," I said, "and trying to one's nerves, too."

"I remember," said the skipper, steadying himself against the mizzen-mast, "when I was second of the 'Barnaby Rudge' we were caught in a hurricane, and it commenced just like this; but then the glass spoke plain, and we had everything off her."

"Well, the ship's in good trim," I replied; "it would be a change."

"I'd like to take the extras off her," he continued, without heeding my remark, and he cast his eyes aloft in a critical fashion. "But——" he never finished the sentence.

"Man overboard," came in a screech from the foc'sle head.

There is no cry so instantly responded to as this, nor one which at sea falls so coldly on a seaman's heart.

My first thought was to back the mainyard. So I gave the order quick and sharp as if my lungs were made of steel. It was good to see how the men took the order. They sprang to braces and pulled as if their lives were on it. The next instant I had run to the lee taffrail, for instinct had told me he had fallen to that side. I found the captain throwing the coiled bight of the cross jack clue-line far out into the mist where a black object was visible. It fell short. The captain gave a groan, and pulled in like mad for another fling.

I saw it was useless; and with a cut let go one of the after lifebuoys, and sang out to the man to make for it.

"Away the port quarter-boat!" roared the skipper, running aweather, with a face white as a table-napkin, for he was a feeling man, and took such an accident to heart.

"Ay, ay!" I responded. And in I hopped with some of the old hands. "Stand by!—let go!" and down dropped the boat as the ship lurched heavily to windward. A few powerful strokes took us free of the ship and the anxious faces hanging over the side.

Away we sped over the great green hills, trembling a moment on their tops and then gliding down, down into the dark smother between them, till again we reached the summit and had more light; for the mist hung low on the sea, and was so chill that it struck to the bones.

I had taken my bearings with considerable care before leaving the ship, for although we had been quick in throwing the ship aback, we had drawn far past the man in doing so. After pulling thus for some time, it seemed to me that we must be near the spot. Accordingly, I ordered the men to lay on their oars. Just then a hail came to us faint-like out of the mist on the starboard bow. It made the flesh creep. I felt a little shiver run down my back.

"'Twas the cry of a molly," I said, for I could see the men were scared. And it did sound uncommonly like it when the bird is frightened.

"Na, na," said an old Scotchman, "'twas nathing o' the kind; 'twas jest like the kelpie Jenny Macalister an' me heerd down i' the crook o' the Feugh, January come twalve year."

"Ay," said another fellow, "it be uncommon speerit like. I'm thinkin', sir, wi' all respect, that Cockney Jo, poor chap, has gone down all standing by now, and it 'ud be better to bout ship, for I'm a kind o' particular like about meetin' such gen'lemen o' fortune."

"And ay," piped in another, "they do say as 'ow there be an awfu' sight o' dead seamen in these here seas."

This was enough. Search farther they would not. The fear of the seas was in their hearts, and I might as well have spoken to the oars; indeed, the oars in their hands had more heart than they.

But now, a new and more terrible danger threatened us. We had lost our bearings. The ship was nowhere to be seen; nothing but the fog "thick as the curtain over hell," as one of the sailors remarked in his horror at realizing our situation. To add to our dangers, darkness was coming on. A yellow tint in the westward showed that the sun was sinking. It was only a lighter obscurity in what was all obscurity.

We had been two hours away from the ship. So much I could just make out by placing the face of my watch so as to catch the shine of the sun. And all this time the great green seas rushed out of the mist upon us, bore us up, and then rolled away into the darkness astern. I now saw that there was no hope of gaining the ship before the night closed in. The fog, I knew, was settling deeper, and it struck me too that the cold was becoming more intense. The captain's foreboding also fell upon me, with a chill colder even than that murky atmosphere.

The men now lay quite still. They had shipped their oars, and had given themselves up to that stolid apathy which is only despair in another guise. I heard the teeth chatter in their heads, and I knew that if we had to fight for dear life, as very likely we should have if wind sprang up, they would be useless in their present state.

"Come, men," I said, as cheerily as my mouth could pipe the syllables, for to say the truth I felt more like singing at a funeral than piping to a dance, "belay that down haul and put a stopper on those rattraps. We're not dead yet; the fog can't last much longer, and the skipper won't leave us, be sure of that."

This seemed to cheer them a bit.

"Ay," said the old Scotchman, "and there's a moon the night, thank the Lord for that. There's naethin' like a bit moon to lift the cap o' a fog, and kelpies are aye feared at the bright round thing. They say they canna bide the twa een o' it."

"Ay, lads," I bore up, 'but Murdoch's right," for I had forgotten the moon; "the sea'll be bright as a looking-glass by eight bells. And as for supper, we must just tighten our belts a bit."

"A canny mon's aye to the fore," said Murdoch, "and I jist looked after my weam afore I jumped into the boatie."

And he produced five large ship's biscuits.

"Why," I said, as I slapped my pocket, "that's capital; we'll not do badly, for that reminds me there's a good dram for each of us."

I had picked up a bottle of whisky from the saloon table before leaving the ship, in case there might be need of it.

The men brightened up visibly at this. One of them even ventured a joke at the speerit, but Murdoch stoppered it with a round turn.

"Nay, nay, lad, dinna ye laugh at a speerit, they're gray uncanny craturs, and it's aye venturesome speaking o' them, for they're awfu' shairp at the hearin'."

Two great shadows at the same moment shot through the last yellow streak of the sun, and the men seemed to take it for granted these were the speerits that were "awfu' shairp at the hearin'" for they stopped talking, and would hardly be prevailed upon to even whisper.

There was now absolute darkness. I don't think I was ever in anything like it. At sea the night is much lighter than on land, but now I couldn't even distinguish the palm of my hand placed close to my face.

It was impossible to steer; the sea around was like a black cauldron. I could only tell by the boat's motion that we were now ascending, now descending the great rollers.

I now cast out a sea anchor, constructed of two oars lashed together, and patiently waited for the moon rising. I wasn't at all sure, however, if the moon would break up the fog.

I might not tell the men so. I only prayed it might. I must have slept, for I remember nothing more till I felt myself rudely shaken, and a voice—it was that of old Murdoch—shouting something in my ear.

"Get ye up, Maister Norris! Guidness sakes, sir, but ye're awfu' stiff at the wakenin'."

"What's up, Murdoch?" I said, starting up, but suddenly recollecting, and cautiously reseating myself. "Has the moon risen?"

"Nay, nay, sir, it's o'er early i' the nicht for that, I'm thinkin'. It's jist this. There's nay sae muckle tum'le, and I winna argy that we're nay in the lee o' somit."

"You're right!" I cried excitedly, "you're right; the boat's quite steady. And—Murdoch, it's colder!"

Then like a flash the whole phenomena of the weather struck me; its strangeness was all explained. We were in the lee of the iceberg. I had now better hopes of the moon breaking up the banks of vapor, and I ordered the men to get in the sea-anchor, and stand ready to make way, which they did with alacrity.

We hadn't long to wait. Presently a pencil of pure silver flame shot over our heads like an electric ray from a war vessel's search-light. Then a white misty glimmer away over our stern showed that with the plane of the sea. It gradually grew larger and whiter, till, all of a sudden, like the drawing of a stage-curtain, a great rent was made in the fog, splitting it from top to bottom, and there, bright like a huge pearl, the moon looked in upon us.

The men gave three wild cheers, and Murdock with quaint gravity said "there was naethin' sae pleasant as jist a bit blinkie.

What caught my attention most was a monster berg floating in the very centre of the opening. Its tall minaret-like pinnacles glistened like purest silver under the light of the moon, and stairs and terraces and cupolas everywhere glimmered and sparkled, as though all the mosques of Islam had been joined to form one splendid temple. It was quite close to us too. Its loom almost fell across us. It awed us floating there so silently, so majestically, with the last swaths of breaking mist curling off its bright sides.

"Surely there's something upon it," said I; "men, do you see, close by the edge of yonger cape?"

"Oh, ay," said Murdoch, "it will be a seal, I'm thinkin'."

A few powerful strokes brought us alongside the berg, and sure enough there sat a seal blinking at us with his big eyes as if mightily surprised at such visitors. He lay close by the edge of an inlet which ran right between two immense portals, for all the world like those of an Egyptian temple. They shone gleaming blue in the face of the moon.

The opening was large enough to admit of two boats rowing abreast, and the water was as calm as a mill pond. But the seal bestirred himself as we approached, gave a flap with his tail, opened his mouth, shut it again with a clap, and then flopped into the water so near that the spray he raised came into the boat.

I was grieved; Murdoch had manufactured a spear by tying his sheath-knife to the end of a spare oar. If the worst came to the worst, and we had to abide upon the ice, seal's blubber would have kept us alive for some time.

The men lay on their oars. It was dark ahead, and it was impossible to tell how the way terminated. Just then, however, a streak of light ran right through the darkness, and I caught a glint of the round face of the moon.

Casting my eye up to a great spire of ice, leaning like the tower of Pisa, over the sea to the right of us, I saw that the berg was moving in a circle. The ray of light which stood out of the darkness, then, must be cast through the centre of the berg. And so it was, for when we cautiously entered beneath the doorway we found ourselves in an immense cavern. It was domed, of fine white ice, thin and translucent like glass. The moonbeams came through a great slit, running from the water rim right up to the roof, and formed a second entrance, but smaller than the one we had entered by. A buttress had fallen away, for part of it lay upon a broad terrace that shot out half way across the floor of the cavern.

Every where there were huge icicles; one I especially noted was as large as the main mast of a full rigged ship, and stood up from the middle of the terrace. The moon set straight on it, and it cast a shadow like a sun-dial upon the white water.

But what took us from these things was a cry which Murdoch gave out:

"Guid sakes! but the Lord hae mercy upon us, what an awfu' sicht!" and he pointed with his finger to a part of the wall close by the main door, and almost flat with the water.

It was a little in the shade, but when my dead-lights did set true, my heart gave a thump that nearly strained my rib timbers, and then stopped suddenly like. There was a man's face showing clear through the wall as though it were set in a window.

I never wish to see that face again; it was the most drawn, ghastly face I ever looked on, and the unwinking stare of its eyes set my very hair on end, and made the cold sweat break out over my body, although but a moment before my limbs were numb with the terrible cold.

The men were more terrified than myself. The ghostly cry in the fog, and our exhausted condition, all conduced to strengthen their natural superstitions. After that exclamation of Murdoch's they made no sound. They were past that.

They only looked as though they would fix that deadly face upon their minds for ever. And then silently still they dipped their oars in the water, and we glided out of that floating sepulchre.

We were far out on the moonlight sea before a word was uttered. Then Murdoch, who was always a mouthpiece to the rest, said solemnly, laying on his oar:

"Weel, if that waurna a kelpie we saw anoo', I kenna the look o' ane. It's a dead won'er we werena at the bottom o' that deil's cauldron; for bye there's nay fire an' brimstane, there's ither things jist as waur. It's a deil's trick, and he's mony o' them."

Shortly after, to our inexpressible joy, we saw our good ship lying with topsails backed not half a mile away.

We were soon on board, and never shall I forget the feeling of gratitude which rose up within me when my foot once more touched her deck.

It was easy for me to reason out the tragic fate of him who looked in white agony at us out of the dusk of that horrible cavern; how, shipwrecked, he had found shelter there, but died of want and cold: how by falling away of the great buttress the balance of the berg had deepened to his side, and so only his face showed over the black water, encased in its covering of glass like ice, which had fallen as water from the roof and frozen on his features.

Although all this seemed very possible, and even old Murdoch said "vera true," but with that intonation which I knew meant just the opposite, the others would never have it else than "it was just a speerit," and even now I am unable to divest myself of that horror of the unseen which fell upon me in that drifting berg off the far Cape Horn.

## The Wine of Life.

BY T. S. A.

LIFE was getting to be a dull affair with Mr. Clayton. He found it hard work to fill the passing hours with any degree of interest. While in business, the days came and went, each with that measure of pleasant excitement which is always attendant on mental and bodily activity. But in one of the series of mutations always attendant on human life, Mr. Clayton found himself out of business, and left, with a small competence, idle.

Six thousand pounds were paid to Mr. Clayton, and in less than a week afterwards he received more than half-a dozen proposals to re enter business: some from established firms in want of capital, and some from ambitious young men, whose position in extensive establishments gave them, as they supposed, great influence to control custom. But to all of these Mr. Clayton turned an indifferent ear.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," he said to himself, as he looked calmly at his bank account. "I'll put this money beyond the reach of danger, and then take mine ease."

Between two and three months of pleasant excitement were passed in the work of settling the basis of his future income, a period of real enjoyment to our retired tradesman. A new life seemed to flow through his veins. The mill-horse routine of daily duties was changed for a state of freedom to go out and come in at his own good pleasure; and Mr. Clayton often pitied the old business acquaintances whom he met occasionally hurrying along the street, with shut, earnest lips and care contracted brows. He felt himself to them as the freed courser in a wide and grassy meadow, to the tolling beast, dragging wearily at his load.

But there soon came another state of mind. After completing his investments, Mr. Clayton had nothing else to do; and when morning broke, his thoughts began to reach forward through the day with a vague, searching disquietude.

A year of leisure had been enjoyed, and life was getting to be a dull affair with Mr. Clayton. His mind, like a stagnant pool, was beginning to breed unsightly and noxious things. He was growing crotchety, strangely self-willed, unreasonable, and ill-tempered at home, so that his wife and orphan niece (he had no children) were having an uncomfortable time with him. Mr. Clayton was not philosopher enough to understand his own case.

He did not know that, even to evil men, states of tranquility and interior satisfaction come as the reward of useful work; nor that the good feel disquietude whenever they fold their arms in voluntary idleness.

It had not occurred to him that the mind was a beautiful and highly complicated machine, that must be kept in orderly motion, or rust and damage will ensue. No, Mr. Clayton was a dull thinker. He lacked enthusiasm. From quick moving thoughts the light of perception was not evolved.

One day, after exhaling certain noxious things, bred in the stagnant pools of his mind, arousing his wife to anger, and so far wounding his dependent niece that she even threatened to leave his house, Mr. Clayton strayed forth into the park, an aimless and unhappy man, to kill the hours until it should be time to return to dinner.

The dinner bell did not ring for some minutes after the arrival of Mr. Clayton at home. Taking up a newspaper, he commenced running his eyes along the columns for something of interest, when the following paragraph arrested his attention:—

"The very thing that men need in life is some satisfying and exalting element, that shall give heroism and elevation to the affairs of daily life. We live in the midst of vulgarities, little petty troubles, a thousand mechanical things that have not much vitality in them. The greater part of our life is spent in contact with things that have little in themselves to reward our sensibility. We must, therefore, have something in the soul to make them glorious."

At almost any other time this would have been to Mr. Clayton as if uttered in a dead language. He would have perceived no meaning in it whatever. Now it was a gleam of light.

"Heaven knows," he said, speaking to himself, and with sufficient mental energy to stir the heart with strong pulses, "Heaven knows that I want some satisfying and exalting element to give heroism and elevation to the things of my daily life."

After dinner Mr. Clayton did not fail to sleep in his chair—now a common habit—and doze away an hour or two. His thoughts had been set in motion, and kept on with sufficient velocity to overcome all inclination to drowsiness. About four o'clock word came to him that a gentleman had called—Mr. Walker, a person who had asked for him in the morning.

On meeting this gentleman, Mr. Clayton recognized him as one he had often seen in public places, but never personally identified.

"I have called," he said, coming at once to the object of his visit, "to see if I cannot interest you in a matter that every citizen and Christian man should have at heart. A few of us, painfully alive to the condition of a large number of little children, who are abandoned or neglected by their parents, and consequently growing up in ignorance and vice, have determined to found an institution, if possible, for their support and instruction. We have already procured funds, rented a house, and employed a matron and assistants. Twenty children, boys and girls, have been taken from the street, and are now comfortably clothed, fed, and instructed. Now, what we want, Mr. Clayton," continued Mr. Walker, "is a man of leisure who will give a few hours of each day to the supervision of this important charity. I am engaged in business, and, however much my heart may be in the thing, cannot undertake so important a duty. The same is true of others who are acting with me. This morning a gentleman suggested your name, and I have called to see if we cannot interest you in the cause."

"Suppose," said Mr. Walker, ere the response came, "that you go with me to our rooms, and see what we are doing. They are in the neighborhood. I'm sure you will be interested."

"I will do so," said Mr. Clayton, accepting the opportunity to postpone a decision that he was not yet prepared to make. He did not like to say no, and was far from being inclined to say yes.

Mr. Clayton was, naturally, a kind-hearted man. Enough was shown him at the institution to touch his sympathies, awaken his interest, and give to his stimulated mental powers the element of heroism. It therefore took but little persuasion on the part of three or four intelligent gentlemen, who were present, and who were under an engagement to meet weekly as the rooms for conference, to lead Mr. Clayton to accept the important office of daily visitor and overseer of a nursery for human souls, abandoned, but for this refuge, to the coils of the Wicked One.

There was no more weariness of mind after this—no more beatings about of thought, oppressed with its own burden of inactivity—no more sourness of spirit. Mr. Clayton was an active man again, with all his powers in full force. Under his thoughtful supervision, seconded by gentlemen of wealth and active benevolence, the institution grew rapidly, and soon, from sheltering and training for useful lives twenty little ones, gathered more than a hundred within its protecting walls.

"We owe much of all this success in our plans to you," said Mr. Walker, one day, while he sat with Mr. Clayton, reviewing the items in an annual report. "For lack of one who could give to the institution a daily superintendence, and hold in charge its general interests, all things were inefficient, and we had even talked of abandoning a charity which it seemed impossible rightly to sustain. But we found you in the day of our despondency; and under your diligent care, zeal for the cause of humanity, and self-devotion, have been able to effect the ends which lay so near to our hearts. What human arithmetic can give us the sum of good which will flow from this successful effort!"

Idler and ease-taker—man of wealth and leisure, whose days often drag heavily, whose mind stagnates and breathes unwholesome vapors—idler and ease-taker, if, in reading of Mr. Clayton, your heart has not responded with interest to this action—if your own mind does not feel a stimulus to like things—say if it is not clear, that Mr. Clayton was wiser and nappier in this good work, though it involved care and some sacrifice, than in the droning round of efforts to kill the passing time that marked his previous days?

ECONOMY.—There are daily and hourly satisfactions to be had in economy. It is a school where, if there is hard work, there are also many prizes, and a higher reach of sentiment than is generally to be found with money. But it must be accepted in the spirit of love and religious endeavor—with not only patience, but determination to make the best of things, and to supplement deficiencies by management. Brutish acquiescence in the evils attendant on poverty is death; false assumption of more than belongs to you is a living lie; but the cheerful energy that turns everything to account, the good temper that makes the best of small means, the cleverness that schemes and fits and arranges all things with due exactness, and the religion that does the duty lying to hand, sacrifices self and thinks of others—all these circumstances and qualities raise straitend incomes to the rank of a spiritual discipline, and make the pleasures of economy synonymous with religious graces.

A NICKEL paper weight, having a rubber centre piece ribbed on the bottom so that it remains in place when in use on a slanting surface, is a recent invention.

## Bric-a-Brac.

HANDWRITING.—Dr. Bertillon, the inventor of the anthropometrical system, asserts he has discovered a new process for identifying handwriting. It is based on the measurement of beatings of the pulse, which are said to have in everybody a different and characteristic effect on handwriting.

THE SAME THING.—Major John writes in the "United Service Magazine" that while he was employed between Port Said and Kantara he saw the waters of the Lake Menzalah "driven beyond the horizon" by a violent wind, so that the natives walked about where the day before they were fishing. This convinced him that he had seen exactly what happened when the Israelites passed dryshod through the Red sea.

SPIDER'S SIGHT.—Experiments have been made to decide how far spiders can see, and it has been determined that they have a range of vision of at least a foot. It is not always possible to tell, however, whether the lower animals perceive by sight or hearing, or by the action air in motion has on their bodies. Experiments tend to show that mice are sensitive to motions of the air, which to human ears create no sound whatever.

THEY RACED TO THE STEEPLE.—A party of fox-hunters were returning rather "down-in-the-mouth" from the hunt, for they had not been able to win a "bush," as reynard's tail is called. Suddenly the spire of a village church, some two miles off, caught their eye, and they agreed, for the fun of the thing, to have a race to the church—first there to be the winner, of course. And so they went at it, ding-dong, over the hedges and ditches and all sorts of obstacles, taking the straightest possible path. It was fine sport, and ever since such a race has been named a steeplechase, though neither steeple nor church needs to have anything to do with it, the chief point being to have plenty of bunkers to jump over.

CONCERNING KOLA.—In Senegal and other countries of West Central Africa there is a tree that comes as a boon and a blessing to the natives, and not to the natives alone. This is the Kola tree, which yields a nut—brown, bitter, and the size of a pigeon's egg—that combines in itself all the virtues that white folks find in the tea, coffee, chocolate, and wine. Even the seeds are useful, for the natives of Guinea take a bit of one before their meals, in order to improve the flavor of what they are about to receive in the shape of food or drink. The nuts possess great value in certain illnesses common in very hot climates, affording in fevers—so it is said—the same sort of relief that is derived from quinine.

TYPE ERRORS.—A collection of errors of the press of the malignant type would be amongst the curiosities of literature. Bayle records several curious specimens. In the royal Courier of former days it appeared that his Majesty George IV. had a fit of the goat at Brighton. We have seen advertised a sermon, by a celebrated divine, on the "Immorality of the Soul," and also the "Lies of the Poets," which should be a very comprehensive publication. The vicinity of lives and lies is indeed most dangerous, a single letter more or less making a lie of a life, or a life of a lie. Glory, too, is liable to the same mischance, the dropping of the liquid making it all gory. What is treason, asked a wag, but reason to a t? which t an accident of the press may displace with the most awkward effect. Imagine an historical character impeached for reasonable practices.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER.—Those men that undertake to train birds how to sing the notes of musical instruments usually teach their pupils in classes—seven birds to a class, for choice. Girls and boys that have studied under the best of masters, at the best of schools, have an enviable time compared with the poor birds, who are shut up in a dark room to start with, and are, moreover, half starved if they are too long in beginning their task of imitation. On the other hand, if they get on nicely and are fairly "quick at the uptake," the light will be gradually admitted and their hunger will be partly relieved, to reward their efforts and encourage them to higher things. As they soon come to find that a little light and food accompany song, in the long run they learn to sing of their own accord for these necessities of life. The flute is the chief instrument used in these bird classes.

### A LOVE SONG.

How shall I love you? I dream all day,
Dear, of a tenderer, sweeter way:
Songs that I sing to you, words that I say,
Prayers that are voiceless on lips that would pray;
These may not tell of the love of my life;
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread
Of life to a woman—the white and the red
Of all the world's roses, the light that is shed
On all the world's pathways till life shall be dead!
The star in the storm and the strength in the strife;
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

Is there a burden your heart must bear?
I shall kneel lowly and lift it, dear!
Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear?
Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossom there!
For grief or for glory—for death or for life—
so shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife!

# LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VAROOK," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN Bernard at last came to and returned from that vague land of shadows in which King Delirium reigns supreme, his eyes opened on the faces of Felicia Damerel and his father, Sir Terence.

He looked at them, knit his brows, and frowned, as men do under the circumstances, and propounded the usual feeble question—

"Where am I?"

"It is all right, my boy," said Sir Terence, in a shaky voice and with tears in his eyes, as he laid his hand lovingly on the still hot brow; "you are here in your own room. You—you have been—er—a little seedy; ill, in fact."

"And isn't this Miss Damerel? What is she doing here?" asked Bernard, with pardonable amazement, and something like a blush on his white, thin face.

"It is better to tell him the truth," said Dr. Charcot Hill, cheerfully. "The fact is, Mr. Yorke, you've had an accident. Perhaps you will remember presently. Horse bolted, you fell down. Remember?"

"Yes," said Bernard, "I remember. It was yesterday morning."

Dr. Hill smiled.

"Yesterday, nearly three weeks!" he said, almost proudly. "Yes, Mr. Yorke, barring the gentleman who was pitched from his dog cart and hit his head against a lamp post, you have broken the record, so far as my experience goes."

Bernard stared at him.

"Three weeks!" he said, in a weak voice. "Do you mean to say——"

He stopped short, looked from his father to Felicia almost with terror, then uttered one word—"Nance!"

Sir Terence stared hard at the bedclothes; Felicia looked straight before her. It was not the first time they had heard the name from his lips. Often it had fallen from them in the midst of delirious ravings, often he had pronounced it in his sleep.

Neither of them asked him of whom he spoke, but maintained a profound silence for a moment. Then Sir Terence said in a low voice—

"Yes, you have been very ill, my dear boy; but, thank God, you are better! And next to heaven, Bernie, I have to thank this dear young lady for my son's life." He took Felicia's hand as he spoke, and pressed it. "She has been here helping to nurse you, watching over you with a care and gentleness which no professional nurse could have outdone. You must thank her, Bernie."

Bernard held out his hand and looked at her; but there was trouble and anxiety as well as gratitude in his eyes, which looked preternaturally large in his wasted face.

Felicia took his hand and held it. For how many hours had she held that hand through the still watches of the night! Sometimes laying her lips to it, sometimes pressing it to her heart, and almost dreading the time when he should recover consciousness and deprive her of the right to hold his hand and caress it.

"I don't think you ought to talk," she said in a low voice, her eyes dwelling on his face with passionate tenderness. "We don't want you to slip back to dreamland again."

"Dreamland!" he murmured half vaguely.

Had it all been dreaming? Did Myrtle Cottage and the days he had spent there with Nance only exist in a dream?

The doctor, who had been watching him closely, drew Sir Terence from the room.

"Leave him with Miss Damerel," he said. "He will fall asleep, into a genuine, common or garden sleep, presently, and then, I trust, will wake up quite conscious, and a mile or two on the road to convalescence.

Bernard fell asleep with his hand still in Felicia's, and she still held it when he awoke with a start, and cried, "Three weeks? Three weeks, and she does not know!"

Felicia's face paled, and her fingers tightened on his feverish ones.

She waited in silence, her heart beating thickly. The hour she had often pictured had arrived—the hour in which he would speak to her of Nance.

"Miss Damerel," he said, "you have proved a true friend. My father says that you have nursed me all through this time! I'll try and thank you presently, but—but—I—I want to ask you a question—to ask you to do something more for me."

"I will do anything for you," she said quietly.

"Has—has anyone been to see me—to inquire for me?"

She smiled, and took up a heap of cards and letters from the small table beside the bed. He took them eagerly, and turned them over, then dropped them with a sigh of disappointment.

"Has anyone called? No, no, not the persons you and I know—not the regular people, but—but—a stranger, a young lady?"

"No; no young lady whom I do not know," she said.

"No, no, of course not! She does not know the address! Three weeks, and not a word from her!"

He raised himself on his elbow, and looked wildly round the room.

"You—you must keep quiet!" Felicia said. "You do not want to become unconscious again——"

"No, no!" he said, sinking back. "No, no! But to think that she does not know that—that I have been lying here like a log all this time, and that she has been waiting—waiting—expecting me; and that she has not heard a word! Oh, what must she think? Miss Damerel! A telegram form, for the love of Heaven!"

Felicia brought him the form and a pencil, but he was still too weak to write.

"Write for me," he said. "Stop, wait!" as she took the pencil. "I—I want you to promise. This is a secret. You—you will promise to respect it?"

"I promise," she said. "I will do anything you ask me. Pray, pray, keep calm for—for your father's sake."

"Yes, yes!" he said. "Write: 'I have been ill, unconscious, but am better. Do not be alarmed; I will come to you the moment I can leave the house.' Sign it 'Cyril.' Have you written it?"

"Yes," she said; "and the address?"

A faint flush rose to his face, but his eyes met hers steadily. "Bernard, Myrtle Cottage, Long Ditton."

"Long Ditton? It is in Surrey, is it not?"

"Yes," he said. "Do you not know it? Have you never been there?"

"No," she replied, the vision of Nance as she stood with the photograph in her hand rising before her even as she uttered the lie. "And your address, shall I put that."

"No," said Bernard. He dare not give it for he knew that Nance would fly to his side, and he could not have her there, great as was his longing to see her, to hear her voice; no she must not meet Felicia, Sir Terence, until she was his wife!

"No," he said, "do not put the address. She—she will know," he added. "Will you, yourself, send that off at once, oh, at once? Stay," as she rose, "you—you wonder who she is, and why my first thought should be of her. I—I will tell you; but not now, not now. Promise me—but you have promised me already!"

"Yes!" she said in a constrained voice, "I understand. I will not mention this—this lady's name. I will forget that I have ever heard it until—until it pleases you to speak of her again."

He took her hand and carried it to his lips.

"A true friend!" he murmured, and—he was shockingly weak, be it remembered—the tears came into his eyes.

It was not until she had been gone some minutes that he realized his cruelty in employing the woman who loved him on such an errand; but love makes us all selfish, and his only thought and care was for Nance, who must have endured, must still be enduring, the agony of suspense.

Felicia stood in the street with the telegram in her hand. Should she send it? She had been down to Long Ditton two or three times since her interview with Nance, and knew that Nance had disappeared.

Yes, she would send it. It could do no harm, for even if Nance returned to the cottage, the telegram did not give Bernard Yorke's address. She sent off the telegram, and returned to the sick-room. Bernard thanked her with a look.

"You will sleep now; you are not anxious now?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes, I shall sleep!" he said. "I must get well, strong, as soon as possible! Every moment——"

He groaned and turned his head away.

From that hour he devoted all the energy that remained to him to "getting well;" the doctor grew more cheerful and confident at every visit, and Sir Terence and Felicia smiled at each other, for the first time since the commencement of the illness, when Bernard one morning testily demanded something more substantial than chicken broth for dinner.

On that day Felicia with a sigh said—

"It is time I took my departure, Sir Terence. Mr. Yorke does not need me now." And she sighed again. "In a few days he will be well enough to go out, and—and——"

Sir Terence took her hand and pressed it.

"I hope the day will never dawn on which Bernard will not 'need you,' my dear," he said, and his voice trembled. "If I do not attempt to thank you, it is because any attempt would fail. You have saved my boy's life, and I may therefore speak from the fulness of my heart. It is my earnest prayer that that life may be devoted to you. Forgive me if I seem too frank, if I presume to obtrude upon so sacred a subject, but—but you and I have been drawn very close together by my boy's illness, and you will not be angry with me if, as I have sat by your side, I have longed that God would not only give me back my son, but give me a daughter also!"

Felicia Damerel's face paled, and her hand closed, trembling, on his.

"That—that rests with Bernard she murmured.

"Yes—yes," he said, raising her hand to his lips. "Yes, my dear, and I think—I trust—that my wish will be fulfilled. If pity is akin to love, so also is gratitude, and Bernard—well, we Yorkes have hearts a little softer than stone, and only one of stone could be insensible to your goodness and—may I say, my dear Miss Damerel—your beauty."

Then she went to say "good-bye" to Bernard.

He was sitting up in an easy chair, looking ridiculously thin and delicate. He looked up at her, as she stood beside him, with an intent and earnest, almost an appealing gaze.

"I am going," she said; "The doctor says that you are getting well fast, and—and—well, now that you are on the road to recovery, I am not needed."

He looked at her in silence for a moment; then he said—

"Miss Damerel—Felicia—I wish you could know what is in my heart at this moment. I won't say anything about my gratitude; you know all that. But there is something else I should like to say, but I shall have to wait. Some day, soon, I will come to you and tell you—explain why you asked me to send that telegram for me the other day, who the lady is, and I shall then beg you, with all my heart and soul, to be to her the friend, the sister you have been to me."

Both his hands closed over hers and pressed them, and his pale face was almost solemn in its eagerness.

With downcast eyes she listened as if she expected some such words from him at parting; then she said once more, "I will do anything, everything you ask me," drew her hands away gently and left him.

She had not been home half an hour before the servant announced Lord Stoyle.

She had not seen him since the day he had brought her news of Bernard's "marriage;" and it is scarcely too much to say that she had almost forgotten him during the time she had spent nursing Bernard, and the sound of his name caused her an unpleasant shock. What should she say to him—what reason could she give her playing the part of nurse to Bernard?

Perplexed and harassed as she was, she did not keep him waiting long. He came across the drawing-room to meet her, perfectly calm and smiling, but with a hard, steely look in his light blue eyes.

"How do you do?" he said. "I suppose your patient is better?"

She met his gaze steadily, almost defiantly.

"Yes; he is better. You have come to reproach, upbraid me, of course."

"No," he said. "I have come for an explanation. When I have the extreme pleasure of seeing you last you—shall I say?—gave me a promise in exchange for some information I brought you."

"I know," she said. "Sit down; I will give you some tea. You came to tell me that Bernard Yorke was married, and I promised that if you would help me to—to punish him I would—well, what was it?"

"Marry me," he said, slowly.

The faintest tinge of color rose to her face, but she still kept her eyes fixed on him steadily.

"Yes. What an excellent memory you have!"

"And is yours so bad that you have forgotten it—forgotten all that passed between us?" he said. "You promise to marry me, and then go straight off to nurse him."

"Well," she said, with feigned composure, "what would you do? I happened to be passing when the accident occurred. He was taken home in my brougham; he was an old friend of Lady Winshire's. What else could I do?"

"Leave him to the care of the professional nurse, or his wife,'" he retorted. "Where was she?"

"Where should a person be who is non-existent?" she retorted, still smiling, but with a gleam in her eyes which told him that his lie was detected. "Lord Stoyle, you deceived me—oh, please don't interrupt!—you deceive me! Bernard Yorke is not married. The woman you saw was not his wife. You lied when you said that you had seen the registry of their marriage." Her color rose and her eyes flashed.

"Yes," he said, almost drawled; but his color had risen, and he kept his gray eyes upon her unflinchingly. "Yes, I was tempted. I did it on the spur of the moment. I'd do it again under the same circumstances, under the same temptation. But how do you know that they are not married? I do not know it. You may be deceived by him."

She leant back, and regarded him with a smile.

"I have been down to the place; I have seen the—the girl."

"You have?" he said, in a low voice.

"Yes; and I have done more. I have separated them."

He looked down at his perfectly gloved hand, and then up at her handsome face.

"You—have—separated them?"

She inclined her head.

"Yes. Don't ask me how, because I should not tell you. Why should I? We make a bargain, shall I call it—but it was a bargain based on a falsehood. You have overreached yourself, Lord Stoyle, and the bargain, the agreement is at an end. Bernard Yorke is not married. I do not need your assistance. I have no wish to punish, no reason for punishing him."

He drew a long breath, and pressed his fingers on his thin lips, as if to steady them.

"I see," he said. "Yes, you are frank, very. I suppose this is my dismissal?"

She shrugged her shoulders and waved her hand slightly, and he rose and stood regarding here intently.

"You are a clever woman, Felicia."

"Do you mind calling me Miss Damerel, Lord Stoyle? Thanks," she broke in.

"Pardon. You are a clever woman, Miss Damerel."

"And you are not a clever man, Lord Stoyle, or you would not have invented so clumsy a lie."

"No, I suppose not," he said. "But when a man is in love—— But you don't want to hear that, do you? I suppose I may congratulate Mr. Yorke when I see him? Will the marriage take place soon, Miss Damerel?"

Her face paled, and her dark eyes flashed at him, but she still smiled.

"That is a question that only intimate—very intimate—friends have a right to ask, Lord Stoyle."

"I see," he said. "At any rate, I may be permitted to wish you every happiness, may I not?"

He held out his hand, but instead of taking it she touched the silver bell on the table beside her.

He let his hand fall to his side slowly, his lip caught in his teeth, he looked at her steadily for a moment, then bowed and left the room.

Felicia rose and stretched her arms above her head.

"He is done with!" she breathed with a sigh.

But, clever woman as she was, she did not know him, or she would not have laid the flattering unction to her soul. Lord Stoyle was anything but "done with."

CHAPTER XXVII.

BERNARD had set himself to the task of gaining strength with the resolution and eagerness which some men devote to the accomplishment of a great ambition or an artistic achievement, and Sir Terence, who watched him with anxious solicitude, noted the improvement with gratitude and thanksgiving; but he received a shock when, on the third day after Felicia's departure, Bernard calmly announced that he was going out.

"My dear Bernard!" exclaimed Sir Terence, "you—you must be joking! Going out! Oh, no; you are getting on very well, very well indeed, but you must not think of going out. It would be rash, and—and worse than wicked."

Bernard looked up at him gravely.

"Father," he said, "I haven't said a word to you for all your goodness to me. I can see how this illness of mine has knocked you over"—Sir Terence, indeed, looked wan and anxious, and at Bernard's words he turned his face away and suppressed a groan—"and now I am going to seem right down ungrateful by acting against your wishes and advice. I am going out. I have business—there is something I must do."

Sir Terence laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Bernard, Bernie!" he said in a low voice. "Is—is it nothing I can do, my boy?"

"No, no!" said Bernard, flushing. "It is nothing you can do. I have to go into the country—not far. I have ordered a close carriage. If you like I will drive there and back."

He added the last two words hesitatingly. How would he be able to tear himself away from Nance again? And yet he must come back if only for a few days, for he owed something to his father—who had nursed him so devotedly, who had worn himself pale and haggard by his son's bedside.

Sir Terence pressed Bernard's shoulder.

"Won't you tell me, Bernie?" he asked

"Not 'won't'—I can't," said Bernard. "Not yet! Forgive me, father! You must bear with me for—for a little longer; you don't know, you can't guess."

Sir Terence sighed.

"Only one word, my boy," he said. "While you have been ill, when you were delirious, and the day when you came to, you—you spoke a name, a woman's name."

Bernard's face flushed, and he looked up; but Sir Terence stood behind the chair, and Bernard could not see his face.

"The—the name was 'Nance.' Bernie, my boy, I—I have never forced your confidence, I have never expected you to tell me everything that happened in your life. I—I have been a young man myself, and if I ask you, implore you now, it is not for my sake, but for yours. I have a reason, a terribly strong reason, for asking you, imploring you to—to explain—to confide in me! A woman's name, 'Nance'!"

Bernard's head dropped upon his chest. It was hard to have to refuse this father who loved him so fondly, and whom so fondly loved.

"Father, I cannot!" he said, at last. "Don't ask me! Give me a week—only a week, and then—well, then I will tell you all."

Sir Terence went to the window, and stood looking out with eyes that saw nothing.

"Bernard, you frighten me!" he said, thickly. "Yes, frighten me; and yet—yet I deserve it; for I—I have not always confided in you! I have had secrets from you! Have still," he added to himself, with a groan.

"Why should I frighten you?" Bernard demanded, with a touch of an invalid's irritation.

"Because, Bernard, I—I thought—forgive me, but I hoped that—that if there was a woman in whom you were interested it was the beautiful girl whom I found at your side, nursing you with the devotion of a sister. I thought——"

Bernard rose, pale and agitated.

"For Heaven's sake, do not say, do not think of such a thing!" he said. "I can say no more, tell you no more. Father, you must bear with me a little longer, only a little longer!"

Sir Terence's face went white as he turned and confronted him.

"Bernard, my boy, you are not married?"

"No," said Bernard. "But—but you must give me back that promise I made you! I promised that I would not get engaged without telling you——"

"And you have done so?" said Sir Terence, sinking into a chair. "You have done so, Bernard?"

Bernard bowed his head.

"Yes," he said, almost inaudibly. "No, don't ask me. I—I will tell you when I come back. No!" for Sir Terence had stretched out his hands appealingly. "I dare not say another word. Wait, wait, father, till I come back!"

He left the room with the last words, and shortly afterwards Sir Terence heard a carriage drive away from the door. Bernard had gone. The old man's head sank into his hands.

"If I had only told him," he groaned; "if I had only told him! But how could I while he was so ill? And—and even now I dared not! My poor boy! This woman—this 'Nance'—who is she! Some girl beneath him—penniless, perhaps. Oh, all is lost, and all might have been saved! All was saved, as I thought and hoped. Oh, my boy, my boy!"

* * * * * *

Bernard felt very weak and weary by the time the brougham had reached Long Ditton; but the blood was coursing through his veins in a feverish tumult, and his heart beat wildly as, leaning on his stick, he went up the path and turned the handle of the door. To his disappointment, it was locked, and he knocked. As he waited impatiently he wondered why Nance had not seen him from the winow, and run out to meet him. Perhaps, he thought, with a momentary sinking of the heart, she was out. Oh, heaven! how he thirsted for a sight of her face, the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand!

Would they never open the door? As he raised his hand to knock again the door opened, and Mrs. Johnson appeared. At sight of Bernard, with his white, wan face, she uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and, as it seemed to him, alarm.

"Oh, Mr. Bernard, is that you?" she gasped. "Whatever—oh, dear, dear! how ill you do look!" And instinctly she held out her hand to help him.

"It's all right, Mrs. Johnson," he said. "Yes, I have been ill, and am still looking rather seedy, I suppose. Mr. Bernard—where is Mrs. Bernard? Not out?"

She gasped again at his eager words and still more eager eyes.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Bernard," she echoed, in a bewildered kind of way. "Mrs. Bernard is—but come in, come in."

Bernard entered the sitting room, and sinking into a chair, looked round. How often he had seen the room in his delirious dreams! It was unchanged, just as he had left it; and yet—and yet it seemed to him to wear a cold, uninhabited air. Where was Nance? Where was Nance? Why did she not come? Yes, she must be out.

"You do look very bad indeed, sir," said Mrs. Johnson, fidgeting with her apron, and eyeing him with furtive anxiety.

"I'm all right," said Bernard. "Mrs. Bernard, tell her I am here, will you? I'll go upstairs to her.

He rose.

Mrs. Johnson grew pale.

"Mrs. Bernard—she's out, sir," she faltered.

Bernard sank into the chair again with a heavy sigh.

"Out? I'm sorry—no, no, I mean I'm glad. It is just the afternoon for a walk. She was quite right to go out. I'll take off my overcoat. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to help me; my illness has left me rather ricketty. I——"

As he spoke he caught sight of a telegram envelope on the mantelshelf.

"Ah, she got my telegram, I see," he said.

He took it up, then nearly let it fall. It was unopened. With a sudden surprise, rather than apprehension, he looked from it to Mrs. Johnson.

"Hasn't she read this? I mean, why is it not opened? I—I don't understand——"

Mrs. Johnson ventured to lay a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Sit down again, sir; do please sit down. The—the telegram. It is just as it came. I——"

"But unopened!" said Bernard; then he laughed. "What an ass I am! It may be another one just come."

He tore open the envelop, then let it fall. It was his.

"What does it mean?" he demanded. "Where is Nance—Mrs. Bernard?"

Mrs. Johnson raised the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"She's—she's gone, sir! Oh, Mr. Bernard!"

Bernard stared at her stupidly.

"Gone! Gone! What the duece do you mean?" he said impatiently. "For God's sake, don't play the fool! What are you crying for? Nance—Mrs. Bernard gone? Where has she gone? For a walk, do you mean? Where? Tell me, and I'll go and find her. And he took a step or two towards the door.

Mrs. Johnson touched his arm timidly.

"No, no, sir! It's no good your going after her. She's not out for a walk or on the river. She's gone, quite gone, sir!"

Bernard grasped her arm and stared into her face, his eyes glaring at her from his wan, gaunt face.

"Are you out of your mind?" he said. "Come, my good woman," and he shook her arm, "talk sensibly! I want Nance—Mrs. Bernard——"

"Oh, sir—oh, Mr. Bernard, what can I say?" she sobbed. "It's the truth; she's gone. She left me weeks ago! She went quite suddenly; she said she was going up to London, to join you, as I understood——"

Bernard's hand dropped from her arm, and he reeled as if about to fall. Mrs. Johnson thought he was going to faint, and uttered a cry of alarm; but Bernard silenced her with a gesture.

"Tell me—tell me everything," he said hoarsely. "Let me understand—tell me slowly."

"There is nothing to tell but that, sir," she said nervously. "There isn't really. After you'd been gone near upon a week she left, saying that she was going to see you—at least, I think that's what she said, and it only seemed natural, didn't it? She never uttered a word that would lead me to think she wasn't coming back. Don't you know where she is?"

"No," Bernard said with a groan, and he clasped his head in his hands. "Gone! How long ago did you say?"

Mrs. Johnson thought for a moment.

"Nearly three weeks, sir," she replied with a sob. "Oh, dear! whatever can have happened to her?"

"Did—did she leave no note for me, no message?" he asked.

"No, sir; why should she, when she was going to see you?"

"Let me—let me go upstairs."

"Yes, sir. You'll find everything just as she left it. I wouldn't have a thing touched, for I felt sure you would come back."

She offered him her arm, but Bernard did not see it. He felt blind, bewildered and overwhelmed.

He went upstairs, and into the room—her room. The sight of it stabbed him as a dagger thrust. With feverish haste and impatience, he looked round for some sign of a note. He opened the drawers and saw the jewelry, the trinkets, he had given her, collected together. The dresses he had bought for her, the numberless nick-nacks were all there. The casket was complete as he had left it, but the gem, his pearl above price, was gone!

He stood in the centre of the room looking round vacantly; then, with a groan, a sob, he sank beside the bed, his head falling upon her pillow.

"Nance! Nance! Where are you? Oh, come back to me; come back to me!" broke from his parched lips—from his anguished heart.

* * * * * *

A hundred times Mrs. Johnson repeated her story. It all amounted to this: Nance had gone, gone without a word.

He had himself driven back to town, to Eden row, and as he approached it a glimmer of hope brightened his darkness.

Yes, he should find her there! After all, what more natural than that she, hearing nothing from him, ignorant of his whereabouts, should leave the cottage and return to her own home?

But the glimmer died out as the carriage stopped and he saw the house with blank curtainless windows, and a board "To let" stuck up in the little front garden.

Trembling with weakness, he got out of the brougham, and holding on to the railings, gazed at the house as if it would tell him where to find her.

As he stood there a woman came out of the next house, and in accents that startled her with their hollowness, he asked if she knew where Miss Grey had gone.

'Miss Grey?" she said, staring at him half fearfully. "Lawks no, that I don't. She's been gone—well, I can't exactly say how long, but, 'tany rate, the 'ouse 'as been to let this last fortnight. I tell you who might know. That's Sarah, as used to be servant gal to the Greys; she lives up the next court. Here, I'll fetch her for you, if you like."

Bernard thanked her, and leant against the gate, his hand upon his heart.

In a few minuted the woman returned with Sarah, panting and open-mouthed. At sight of Bernard her eyes assumed the shape of saucers, and she gasped out a "Oh, lor', if it ain't Mr. Bernard?"

"Where is Miss Grey?" he asked.

Sarah shrank back before his feverish eyes and hoarse voice.

'Miss Nance? She's gone, sir! Gone more than a fortnight ago—last Wednesday fortnight it were. She was took away by a gentleman."

"A gentleman?" Bernard clutched the railing. "Mr. Grey?"

"Goodness, no! A reg'lar gentleman, a reg'lar gentleman—a swell like yourself, sir," said Sarah.

"Who was he? Where has she gone?" asked Bernard, fighting hard for calm and self possession. "Try and remember, and tell me everything, my girl." And he put his hand into his pocket significantly.

Sarah nodded eagerly.

"It was the gentleman who came to inquire for her the day she came back," she said. "I don't know his name; he didn't give it to me, and I never heard it. And I don't know where she's gone. She went off with him there and then, and she's never came back!"

"And—and he—have you seen him again?"

Sarah nodded again, and thrust out her head at him.

"Yes. He came a little while after, and said that Miss Grey wasn't coming back never no more, that she was quite well and happy, and that she was going to be well off."

Bernard gripped the railing hard. "Well off?"

"Yes; them was his very words, an' I said I was glad to hear it; an' I allus liked her, that I did! But if she's behaved bad to you, Mr. Bernard, an' gone off with another gent——"

Bernard held up his hand, and at the expression of his face Sarah was awed into silence—for once.

"Go on!" he said after a pause, during which he had fought with the demons of doubt, distrust, despair, and left them still the conquerors.

Sarah pondered.

"There ain't no more," she said, very much as Mrs. Johnson had done; "the gentleman paid me my wages, and a bit over for myself, and said how the house was to be given up, and so it is. All furniture was sold, and—and that's all. Lor', how bad you do look, sir!"

Bernard stood like a man dazed and benumbed for a moment or two, then he wrote his address upon a leaf of his pocket-book.

"If—if you see Miss Grey, or anyone from her, give them this, Sarah," he said. "And tell them that I only ask to know where she is. That I must know!"

Sarah took the paper and the sovereign, and Bernard made his way, felt his way, to the brougham.

"Home," he said, in the voice of a man weighed down with age and sickness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PUMP.—Mike Welsh had been recommended to Simpson as a fit man to assist in taking care of horses and cows; so Mike was hired, and placed in charge of this department. One morning, after Mike had been a month at the place, Simpson, who had made ready to start off with his milk-cart, said to him—"Mike, you may give the cows some oatmeal this morning; and be sure you give my best milker an extra quantity." "The best milker, is it, sir?" "Yes; you know the old cow that gives the most milk?" Bedad, I think I do, sir." "Well, you give her four quarts of the mash." "All right, sir. I'll do that same." On the evening of that day Simpson had occasion to go to the old wooden pump in the yard. He tried the handle, but it wouldn't work. The pump seemed to be entirely choked up. Finally he discovered that all the upper part was loaded with something very nearly resembling oatmeal mash. He called his man. "Mike," said he, "what is the matter with this pump?" "The pump, is it, sir?" "Yes. How came this oatmeal mash in here?" "Shure, sir, I put it in meself." "You stupid blockhead, why did you do that?" "It was yerself that told me, sir." "I told you to put it in here?" "Indade ye did, sir." "Why, you thick-headed rascal, what do you mean?" "Don't be in a passion, master. Did ye not tell me to give yer best milker an extra quantity of the mash? And where in all the world, I'd like to know, is the crathur that gives so much milk to yer cans as does this old pump?"

MAMMA—NOT PAPA—THIS TIME—"And then, dear aunt, he asked me to be his wife." "And what was your reply?" "I told him to ask papa." "But, my dear, do you love him?" "Not in the least." "Then why offer him any encouragement?" "But I have not. I told him to go to papa; and he is nobody, you know. When I say 'Ask mamma,' it will be a very different thing."

### EVERLASTING SUMMER.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

It needs not woods with violets paved,
Nor roses in the lane,
Nor lilies by cool waters laved,
Nor gorses on the plain,
Nor song of birds in bush and brake,
Nor rippling wavelets' chime,
Nor blue and cloudless skies to make
For me the summer time.

My lady's cheeks twin roses are,
That bloom the whole year 'round;
My lady's throat is whiter far
Than whitest lily found;
When thick and fast fell hail and sleet,
The blue of summer skies
I find whene'er my glances meet
My lady's azure eyes.

# Katie.

BY J. C.

THERE are few more cheerful places on a cold winter night than a smithy with its roaring fire. The ruddy glow and sparkle of light, the interested faces of the village loungers, the roar of the bellows, and the cheerful ring of the smith's hammer on the anvil, all combine to make up a comfortable rural picture of light and warmth. The smithy at Godscroft on a cold December evening was no exception to this rule; it was warm and bright, and filled to overflowing with village gossips, met to talk over the events of the day. The group of men collected round the fire was just such a group as may be found round any smithy fire in the country, hard-headed, hard-featured, hard fisted, shrewd, sensible men; keen politicians, learned in polemical controversy, fond of argument on most subjects, and able to take an intelligent, although often prejudiced, interest in almost all the leading topics of the day.

Such were the loungers collected round the smithy fire at Godscroft, listening attentively to a man who was in many respects dissimilar to them. There was about him an easy breadth, a freedom, an expansiveness of gesture and manner, which suggested colonial life. He had an air as if the village street were scarcely wide enough for his swinging stride, as if he felt the little world of the smithy, the arena of the intellectual heroes of Godscroft, narrow and circumscribed. He was good-looking, with a sun embrowned complexion, and dark eyes with a merry twinkle in them; while a strong squarely-cut chin and jaw gave character to a face that would otherwise have been only weakly good-natured. A large wiry-haired dog, of a mongrel and nondescript type, lay at his feet, and formed the theme of conversation.

"It's a bonny dog o' its kind, and a guid dog, I'se warrant; but I will never allow that it's a collie," said one speaker.

"Did I ever say that it was? It has nothing of the collie about it, although it has more than a collie's intelligence."

"It's a dour-looking beast," said another. "It reminds me of a wolf I once saw in Wombwell's menagerie, that came round this country-side four years ago come Lammas. Ye'll mind it, Geordie?"

"You're none so handsome yourself, Jock," said the stranger, "that you should object to the want of beauty in others. Did you never hear tell of the old proverb, 'Handsome is as handsome does?' Bill, here, is better than he is bonny, and that he has proved."

"Tell us all about it. It's just grand to hear ye telling these outlandish stories," said one of the bystanders.

"It would be away out there in Australia, I'se warrant," said another.

"Yes, boys, it was," said the tall, bronzed, bearded man who owned Bill; and he tossed back his hair and gave his forehead a rub, as if to quicken the bump of memory, and straightway began.

"You want Bill's story, mates. Well, here it is. Some of you here, I don't doubt, will remember that when the old man died in the hard winter of '70, I left the old country, that was pretty well used up for me, to try my luck in the Australian gold-fields, where they used to tell us down here that the gold might be got for the mere trouble of lifting it up. What I got, and that was never very much, took a precious deal of hard work, I can tell you; and what with one thing and another, I tired of it, and went up the country to a big squatter, a kenned man and a kindly, for he was one of Hunter of Godscroft's sons, and hired myself to be one of his shepherds.

"I had a good berth with him, nothing to complain of, either in the way of work, or wages; but it was an out station, and it was terribly lonesome. I missed my mother, poor old body, more than I can tell you. Many a time it would have done my heart good just to have heard the click of her knitting needles, or seen the whisk of the skirts of her old black gown; and sometimes I laughed, and sometimes I almost shed tears, when I thought how it would have amused her to see me with my sleeves turned kneading damper, or toasting a bit of mutton at the smoky fire.

"However, it was better, as I often said to myself, to be alone than tethered to a bad neighbor; and my sheep kept me in so much work that I had very little time for thinking. Every now and again they would take a wandering fit, and I would get up some fine morning and find half of the hirsel gone; and nothing for it but to scour the country far and near till I came upon the track of them. I have seen me ride fifty miles before I came up with them."

"Eh, man, but ye would be fearsome when ye did," said an old school-fellow appreciatively.

The big Australian withered him with a look, and went calmly on.

"I was out one day after a lot of these long-legged woolly treespassers, that were as swift as deer, and as cunning as the oldest fox in your spinneys here; and I had not seen as much as a print of one of their feet. I had been riding since the morning broke, and I was spent with hunger and fatigue, when the night came down upon me pitch dark, not a star visible—a deep Egyptian darkness that could almost be felt. I could not so much as see my hand when I held it up before me."

"Ye were aye a bauld billy," said another retrospective school-fellow, "but that would daunton ye. What did ye do?"

"What could I do? To turn back was more dangerous than to go forward. I let my horse the difficulty; he seemed to see what was before him: I could not; and we went on, and on, and on till I saw a shimmering gleam flash through the mirk darkness of the night, and heard the rush of water. It was a creek, as we call them in those parts; and as the horse made no pause, I rode boldly on, and by God's mercy, rather than my own good guidance, we stumbled on a place that was fordable, and got safely to the other side. The steep bank was overgrown with bush, as I could see by a glint of moonlight that flashed out of a sudden, and I was just taking a look round to see if I could make out where I was, when my ears were pierced by the most awful cry I think I have ever heard. It was so loud, and so shrill, and so full of pain, that it fairly made my blood run cold. I leaped out of the saddle in sheer fright, and looked round me like a man bewildered. The wide bare pastures and scrubby bush around were void of any human habitation, and yet it was like the cry of some poor human creature in the extremity of distress.

"It was so ghastly, so unearthly, that the horse I was riding, although he was a steady old brute, shied, and swerved sharply round. He was in such a panic, that I could not help remembering mother's old-world stories about ghosts, although I tried to tell myself that there was no such thing. However, ghost or no ghost, I was bound to go on; so I set a stout heart to a stey brae; and when I found that I could not force the terrified brute up the bank, I dismounted, and tied him to a young gum tree.

"I had scarcely set my face to the bank again, when the same cry sounded out once more. I tell you, mates, it made the blood run cold round my heart, it was so shrilly wild, so unearthly, so despairing; and to make it worse, the black night came down on me again mirk and heavy, like the blackness of the parish mortcloth I used to wonder at when I was a boy. I had not the least idea in what direction to turn, and was standing irresolute, when I heard the cry again, and it sounded nearer, and was so distinct that I thought I could go straight to the very spot it came from. The bank was so steep that I had to scramble up on my hands and knees, often slipping back and stopping to listen; but I could hear nothing except the soft gurgling splash of the water down beneath me.

"I was not sure which way to turn, when I heard the cry again right out of the scrub before me. I was in the right direction—that was one good thing; but I will never deny that I was frightened a bit, it was such a terrible cry, and the spot was so lonely. I had that spirit in me, though, that I would not go back; and I crept forward on my hands and knees towards the top of the bank, which was covered with a close low bush. It was a bit of a climb, and I had stopped a minute to get my breath, when I thought I heard a low moaning noise close to me. I gripped my revolver, but it was of little use in the darkness, so I took out instead a big bowie-knife I always carried, and held it ready in my hand.

"The next moment there was a sort of hurtling rush through the air above me and something leaped right down upon my shoulders. I gave a yell, and then another; and then away down the bank we rolled, riving and tearing at each other in an agony of mortal fright. As soon as I could get my right hand free, I gave a desperate thrust with the knife; and with a yell of rage and pain, the creature dropped off from me; and I heard the thud of its fall on some projecting rock or bush that had caught it in its downward descent.

"I was more frightened than hurt, and soon scrambled to my feet. As a smoker is never without matches, I soon had a light, with which I groped my way down to where the creature lay, and what do you think I found?"

"A teeger, maybe," said another old school-fellow.

"Ye silly gowk, there are no tigers in Australia. I found Bill; but my word, he was not the comfortable well-fed beast he is to-day. I don't think I ever saw such a dog as he looked then, either before or since. He was a gaunt, starved skeleton, bleeding slowly from a wound in the side which he had got in his struggle with me. He made no attempt to escape, but lifted his head and gave me a look so pathetic, so almost human in its mute, reproachful appeal for help, that it fairly went to my heart. I spoke gently to him; and he looked up at me as if he would fain have spoken and told me his story. He let me stanch the blood that was trickling from his side; and I bound up the wound as well as I could. He then staggered to his feet and whined, and caught my sleeve with his teeth, and showed me as plainly as if he had spoken that he wanted me to follow him.

"I took up the lantern and he wagged his tail and licked my hand; and we scrambled up the bank together, and then, always whining and looking back, he led the way into the bush. The brushwood was so thick and dense that I was almost beat; I could scarcely force my way through; but whenever I stopped to get a mouthful of breath, he whined and fawned on me, and pulled at my sleeve, and showed such an agony of distress, that I could not but pity the poor dumb beast, and make all the haste I could to follow. By this time the day was beginning to break, and it was not so dark as it had been. He had led me to a sort of cave formed by a shelf of rock projecting from the bank, and there, wrapped in a tartan shawl, was a sight that brought my heart to my mouth. A girl, a bit of lassie, so sorely wasted and spent that I lifted her up in my arms like a child and carried her out to the open. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed too far gone for speech; but there was life in her still, as I could see by the flickering of her eyelids when I stooped down to look at her.

"As for the dog, who had crawled after us, he looked up in my face with his pathetic eyes full of a dumb prayer for help; and then—for he was fairly beat, and could not, I believe have dragged his trembling limbs another step—he stretched himself out on the grass beside her and licked her little wasted hand. I was in such a state of excitement myself that I fairly trembled. I scarcely knew what to do; but I got some water and laved her face and moistened her lips; and when she had swallowed a few drops, she came round so far that she could utter a word or two in a faint whisper.

"Thus, bit by bit I got her story. She and her father had been on their way home from the gold fields, and he had a considerable sum of money on him, how much she scarcely knew, and it made little matter, for it was all gone. In a darksome gully on the road, he had been set upon and robbed and murdered; and she had fled into the bush like a distracted creature, and wandered about day and night till Bill had come back to her; and she had followed him to this cave, where she had lived for some weeks on such berries and roots as she could find. She was afraid to leave its poor shelter, for she had lost her way completely, and was thoroughly bewildered; and so, when the supplies of roots and berries—never very plentiful in an Australian bush—began to run short, she gave herself us for lost, and lay down in despair to die.

"Poor thing! My heart was in my mouth as I listened. Gaunt and haggard as she was, it was easy to see that she had been a bonny lassie; and her voice was so soft and sweet that it was like a song from Paradise.

"'You must not speak of dying,' I said; 'you that have all your life before you, and can scarcely tell yet how pleasant a thing it is to live.'

"'I have no desire to live longer,' she said. 'I have nothing to live for, now that my father is gone;' and she closed her eyes and shuddered.

"She spoke with a pretty accent, and her voice sounded in my ears like the sweetest music I had ever heard; but although she was so gentle and sweet, she quite knocked all the conceit out of me, and I could only stare at her and mumble—

"'No, no; you must not talk of dying.'

"When she revived a little, I carried her down to the place where I had left my horse, and by his aid I got her home to my hut, where she lay for many days more dead than alive. She wanted nothing but a sip of water or tea; and when she came round a little, a mouthful of damper. It was poor fare for an invalid, and one, too, who had evidently been daintily nurtured; and I expected nothing but that it would kill her outright. She rallied, however, and got up at last, and crept to the door; and the fresh air helped to strengthen her; and, as was natural for so young a creature, the heavy cloud of grief that had overshadowed her lightened a little, and she began to sing softly to herself, in a sorrowful heart-broken way, that saddened me to hear, but was better for herself, maybe, than the silent despair in which she had been since the day I found her.

"As for Bill here, he had got better long before she was able to move about; and although he always took a charge of her, he showed a great affection for me, and liked nothing better than to follow me about.

"I could make out nothing clearly about Katie—for that she told me was her name—except that she was the daughter of a poor gentleman; that her mother was dead; and that she and her father had always been all in all to each other. He had made money at the diggings, but that was gone, she was all that was left; and I could see for myself that she was the bonniest bit lassie that gladdened a man's heart. Her eyes were bright and blue, like the dewy blue bells I used to gather when I was a laddie on the Godscroft rigs; her hair had the color and glint of burnished gold; and her cheeks began to show the loveliest color, like that of the sweet fresh wild-roses.

"I think I see her as if it were but yesterday shaking back the curling hair from her brow, and lifting her bonny bit face to mine, and asking how she was to do this, and what she was to make of that, for she had never been used to work; and I had to show her how the simplest things were done; but she was quick at the uptake, and never needed to be told a thing twice; and I liked her to ask my advice, for when she did so, her eyes would shine like gems, and her face would flush up almost as if she liked me; but that, I told myself, was impossible.

"The long and the short of it was that I began to like her too well for my own peace. The only happy moments in my life were spent in watching her, or listening with the keenest delight to every word she uttered. She told me often about the books she had read; and she spoke sometimes of the life she had led, a life altogether unlike mine. My heart sank within me when I thought it over. What was I that I should think of winning her love; I had nothing to offer her but the true affection of a fond, loving heart. I could not even tell her how well I liked her. I trembled before her like an aspen leaf, and could scarcely get out a word if it were to save my life. That was a rough time on me, mates. I was so wretched, that I got sour and gruff, and spoke sharply to the very creature I could have fallen down and worshipped.

"So, from less to more, she got to think that I was tired of her presence there; and one evening—how well I remember it—she was standing full in the blaze of the firelight, her figure erect, her hands loosely clasped before her, her bonny blue eyes fixed wistfully on mine.

"'I must have been a great trouble to you,' she said quietly. 'And you have been very good to me. But now I feel quite strong. If you will let me on the right road to-morrow. I will go away with Bill, and never trouble you any more.'

"'Where?' I almost shouted, clutching Bill's collar as I spoke.

"'To the city; it was there my father was going.'

"'Have you any friends there?'

"'No; I have no friends anywhere; but I have learned to work. I shall find work there, I hope.'

"'Stay with me, Katie,' I cried in utter despair. 'I have not much to offer you; but I love you—you must have seen how I love you.'

"She did not answer me in words, but she stole her little soft hand into mine. How happy I was! I could scarcely believe in my own good fortune, for I had never dared to hope that it was possible that she could like me.

"There was nothing to be gained by waiting. Handsome trousseaus are not easily come by out in the Australian bush. We went down to the station, where the parson chanced to be making his rounds, and were married. The very loneliness of our life made our happiness deeper, I think. We were like Adam and Eve in Paradise. I never saw the sun shine so brightly as it did that spring, or the grass look so fresh and green; and my bonny bit lassie was as pleased as a queen and as blithe as a mavis. If I were to speak forever, I could never tell you of all the true and tender feeling of a lad and his lass who love each other as we did. Earth was like heaven to us, and that lonely little hut an Eden. Woes me! we were driven too soon from its shelter.

"She was as merry as a linnet, as I said before, and her eyes glanced like diamonds, and her cheek bloomed like the red, red rose; but for all that, the canker was at the root of my bonny flower. She complained of no pain, and she seemed to grow bonnier and bonnier every day; yet she grew weaker also, and she knew it herself; but I struggled sore not to see it.

"'When I cannot stay any longer with you, John,' she said, 'promise to bury me beside my father.'

"For I had gone out to the bush and looked for the murdered man, and found him lying where she had covered him up with leaves and moss. A ghastly object he was to look at, with his skull beaten in, and his clothes all covered with blood; and I had laid him in a decent grave, and happit him up close and warm—for love of her, that was even then the very light of my eyes.

"'Don't speak in that way, Katie,' I cried; 'I cannot bear it. Oh, my lassie, you are better to-day—tell me that you feel stronger?'

"I think I do," she answered, looking wistfully at me; but that very night, when we were sitting on a bench I had put up outside the door, she leaned her head against my shoulder, and I thought she was tired, and was falling asleep; but after a few minutes she opened her eyes, and there was a solemn far-away look in their blue depths that fairly frightened me.

"'John,' she whispered so low, that I could just hear her by bending down my ear to her mouth—'John, you have been a dear good husband to me. Kiss me, and hold me fast, for I feel as if I were slipping away.'

"Woes me, how gladly would I have held her fast for ever; but I could not; she was slipping away from me, and from all things earthly. There was a flutter of her bonny white eyelids, a long, long gasping breath, and she was gone. Bill, there is all that I have left of her, and rough, mongrel tyke as he is, the money is not coined that could buy him from me!"

He drew his large brown hand across his eyes.

"It is years since now, and the world has used me not unkindly. I am a prosperous man; and my wife up there"—and he pointed to the village inn behind him—"is a good woman, and has made me an excellent wife, and we are happy enough. I have nothing to complain of; but oh! I never lay my hand on Bill's rough head but I think of my lost love, and the place where she lies by the side of her murdered father far out in the Australian bush."

## Three Times.

BY H. W.

"COME, Helen dear, go with us to the meadows to come home with brother John—do!" And Lilly Leslie's voice grew pleading as she watched the sober face of the girl who stood in the door looking across the cool green lawn that sloped away from the house towards the river.

"I wish school was not done. Is that what makes you so sober to-day?" questioned Amy, in a whisper, as Lilly stood looking wistfully towards the meadows. Before the young governess could answer, Lilly called, "Will you come, dear Miss Helen, and meet brother John? There he is."

Helen Arnold shook her head, and the two girls ran down to meet the tall, sturdy young man, who seemed to bring with him the scent of the hay that lay freshly cut in the meadows. The beauty and brightness of the summer seemed doubled as he came up across the lawn, listening eagerly to the clear, happy voices of the girls.

Helen Arnold stood in the front doorway, waiting with a trembling yearning to unsay the hasty words of yesterday, but he gave her no opportunity, passing in at the side door and seeming not to notice her.

All day as Helen Arnold had toiled in the little school-room she had thought of John Leslie, and wished (oh how earnestly!) that she had waited before saying that "No," which she did not mean. She began to feel how lonely life could be even among the pleasant sights and sounds of the country, and that her buoyancy and brightness of spirit during the long happy summer had not been all on account of pleasant and healthy surroundings.

She went into the house and up to her room to hide her sad face as she brooded over unpleasant thoughts. One of life's golden opportunities had been offered her, and she had cast it aside, and now it was gone for ever. This was the last day of her engagement as governess, and she would soon be at home, and he would soon forget her. But perhaps he might give her a chance yet to return a different answer.

A blush mantled her pale cheek, and the blue eyes grew strangely dark and bright, and she went to the mirror to arrange the gold brown hair that fell over her neck in graceful curls. She smiled as she saw reflected the faultless picture, and with a new hope went down to join the family at the evening meal.

John sat in his accustomed seat, very quiet as usual, but his eager eye drank in the exquisite loveliness of the young girl's face and figure as she came round to her place. Perhaps he read in her downcast, tender eyes, the change that had come over her, but he gave her no intimation of it, and after supper, when the children romped about her and called brother John to place a wreath of wild flowers on her head, he showed no signs of embarrassment or emotion, but talked to her as coolly as if she too had been his sister. Helen was a little angry. Is it a wonder? for she thought he had been trifling, and that she could not bear. A fire blazed up in her deep blue eyes, and burned brightly on her soft cheeks. John watched her beautiful face and varying color, and gloried in his triumph; but ah! when was glory not bought too dearly? He leaned over her, and touched lightly her soft hand.

"Did you not mean yes? I know you love me. We shall be very happy."

"Impudent! Do I not know my own mind! Love you!"

Anger prompted the words, and as soon as they were uttered she wished they were unsaid; but John Leslie could not know it; and if he had, perhaps he would not have forgiven her. His face grew pale, and he turned away without a word.

* * * * * *

Years passed away, and fortune favored John Leslie. He became a successful merchant, and therefore was a mark for matrimonial speculation; but still he troubled not his head about marriage. At last the pleasant, insinuating mammas, who talked to him so sweetly and affectionately about the dear girls who were their greatest treasures, got to saying unkind things about the "cross old bachelor" behind his back. Of what use was it, to be sure, to always behave so prettily to such a reserved old fellow? He seemed to care nothing at all for ladies.

Lilly thought surely at her wedding with Dr. Maynard, Brother John would come out of his retirement, and make some of the marriageable ladies of her acquaintance happy thereby, and he did; but it was a short lived happiness, for it was a long time before he again left his business.

The truth was—but the young ladies did not seem to know it—if John Leslie had wanted to marry any one of them, or all of them together, he would have asked them. Being well satisfied to let things take their course, he did not trouble himself much about what was passing outside of his business, but plodded steadily onward. Now, when he went out to Dr. Maynard's, he had the little Lilian to caress and talk to, as well as her proud and happy mamma, and he went oftener than before the lady came. One day while baby sat on her uncle's knee, Mrs. Maynard said:

"My old friend Helen Arnold is coming to stay with us, John, and I want you to run out as often as you can, for she is so very quiet and reserved that I want you to stir her up a little. You need not be afraid of her talking too much. She never does that."

John tossed the baby, and baby's mother was so much pleased to see the little one's delight that she forgot her brother did not reply. However, it was several weeks before he ventured to Dr. Maynard's again. Then it was only after an urgent entreaty from Lilian.

"We are so lonely," she wrote. "The doctor is away; and though Helen is the best friend in the world, and baby loves her so dearly, I want you to come out. I miss my dear old brother John. Do come by the next train. I will send to meet you. LILIAN."

Helen Arnold sat at the piano, singing softly, and touching the keys lightly; and Lilian played with the baby, and laughed at her cunning ways one minute—the next, looked out of the window, and fretted at John's delay.

"My dear! I don't see why he doesn't come!" and she went to the window for the fiftieth time, and had almost begun to imagine something dreadful had happened, when she suddenly whirled round with a cry of delight.

"I was looking at a beautiful picture," said John, in the doorway; and as she sprang forward he caught her in his arms and gave a return for the caresses she showered upon him. Before she had time to think of Helen, baby set up a cry of delight, too, of course. She was such a knowing child; and her frightened mamma took her up, and, talking sweet baby talk to her, carried her up to the nursery. After she was quieted and petted a little, she was left with Susan, and Lilian ran down to the drawing-room to see "dear old John," wondering all the time if he would be polite to Helen.

"Good gracious!"

This was all she said as she opened the door, aghast. What do you suppose she saw? There was John, brown, handsome John, sitting on the sofa, smiling, and apparently very happy; and Helen Arnold, with a crimson face, sat quietly in the shelter of his arms.

"Come in, Lilian darling. I want to tell you about it. I have proposed," said John.

"Proposed!" said his sister.

"Yes," said John. "This is the third time."

Lilian laughed, and as she came up to her brother he drew her down beside them. Then he told her all about it, and added—"This time she has not said no; and we will have a happy home too, will we not, dear Helen?"

And he turned his beaming face from his sister to look at the lovely one upon his shoulder, grown thinner and paler than when he saw her last, but now most sweet and womanly, as he drew the encircling arm closer about her.

He did not seem to think that there was any danger of a "No," nor did she, judging by the confiding look she gave him, at the same time saying, softly—

"I always thought you would ask me again, and so I waited."

John's face was but the reflection of the happiness within, as he answered, "It seems a foolish thing to do, but yet I am not sorry I have proposed three times."

Lilian laughed, and ran upstairs to see the baby.

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THE POTTERY TREE.—One of the most peculiar vegetable products of Brazil is the Mequilea utilis, or pottery tree. This tree attains a height of 100 feet, and has a very slender trunk, which seldom exceeds a foot in diameter at the base. The wood is exceedingly hard, and contains a very large amount of silica, but not so much as does the bark, which is largely employed as a source of silica for the manufacture of pottery. In preparing the bark for the potter's use, it is first burned, and the residue is then pulverized and mixed with clay in the proper proportion. With an equal quantity of the two ingredients, a superior quality of earthenware is produced. This is very durable, and is capable of withstanding any amount of heat. The natives employ it for all kinds of culinary purposes. When fresh the bark cuts like soft sandstone, and the presence of the silex may be readily ascertained by grinding a piece of the bark between the teeth. When dry it is generally brittle, though sometimes difficult to break. After being burned it cannot, if of good quality, be broken up between the fingers, a mortar and a pestle being required to crush it.

## Scientific and Useful.

CORN SPRINKLER.—A Hannibal (Mo.) man has invented a machine for sprinkling corn in dry or arid regions. The machine is on the same principle as a corn planter. It is so arranged that from a quart to a half-gallon of water will drop at the hills.

WOOD LETTERS.—Wood letters which have had indentations made in their faces may be restored to their original shape by applying water to the injured part and placing a hot flat iron over it. Several applications may be needed should the depression be very deep.

ELECTRIC MOTOR.—A new French carriage which carries six persons is driven by an electric motor receiving current from a battery of 54 Dujardin accumulators, and has a total weight of about a ton and a third. One charge of the accumulators suffices for a trip of forty four miles at a speed of ten miles an hour.

WEATHER FORECAST.—A means of forecasting the weather from a morning cup of coffee is given by an English paper, which asserts that it has proved more trustworthy than the official guesses. Drop two lumps of sugar carefully into the middle of the cup; if the air bubbles remain in the centre of the cup it will be fine; if they rise rapidly and go at once to the sides it will rain all day; if they gather in the centre and then go in a cluster to one side, look out for showers.

HOT WATER.—A prominent physician of New York recently declared that hot water is woman's best friend. It will cure dyspepsia, if taken before breakfast, and will ward off chills when she comes in from the cold. It will stop a cold, if taken early in the stage. It will relieve a nervous headache and give instant relief to tired and inflamed eyes. It is most efficacious for sprains and bruises, and will frequently stop the flow of blood from a wound. It is a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness, and, in conclusion, the doctor asserts, "wrinkles flee from it, and blackheads vanish before its constant use."

## Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—It has been suggested that all lands that are allowed to grow up in weeds, which send their seeds far and wide, should be heavily taxed.

COARSE FOODS.—It is an easy matter to feed the stock on coarse foods, to save expenses, but the next point is how much will the profit be. Coarse foods are well enough in their place, but grain and linseed meal should not be left out of the ration.

GRAIN AND HAY.—Many animals cease to thrive simply because they require a food more succulent than the continued diet of grain and hay. A few carrots, a mess of potatoes or turnips, cooked, or even ensilage, occasionally, will make quite a difference in the appetite, and, consequently, do much to promote thrift. Medicine is frequently given when a succulent mess would accomplish all that may be desired.

FODDERS.—One can make as much of a study of the various fodders as he chooses; and know the exact proportion of albuminoids or carbohydrates in each; but the way it is cured and the condition in which it comes from the mow, as well as the condition and peculiar tastes of the individual animal has much to do with successful feeding. Don't think that a knowledge of these things is not helpful—it is; but the practical application is much more so. Only he who is quick to notice every change in condition, habit and production can reach the best success.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.—A resident of Auburn, Me., has invented an ingenious device for feeding his horses, and he does it with one of the ordinary little alarm clocks. The horse gets its feed grain when the alarm goes off. For instance, if he wants the horse to have its morning feed of grain at 5 o'clock, and he himself does not care to turn out until 6 o'clock, he sets his alarm for 5 o'clock, and when morning comes the horse gets its breakfast an hour before his owner's eyes are open. It is so arranged that the alarm pulls the slide, letting the grain run through a sluice to the manger.

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FEEBLE WOMEN will find JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE their best TONIC and INVIGORATOR, and the SAFEST worm medicine for their children. Small bottles 35, and double size 50 cents.

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### Of Sadness.

One of the most entrancing and intoxicating pleasures which mankind are apt to indulge in, is a grave melancholy, which begins about middle life, and increases as years increase. A truly merry and cheerful old man or woman is very rarely met with, and when met with, is as admirable as rare. The little epitaph which Shakspere's Nurse, in "Romeo and Juliet," pronounces upon her husband, "God rest his soul!—he was a merry man," is one which few of us deserve, but which, when deserved, cannot fail to mark a man who has led a useful, and, most likely, a blameless life.

As the old nurse laughs, the old summer days come back, when the nurse and husband laughed at the gambols of the child. That man cannot be a very bad man to whom infantine tricks and gambols afford merriment, and to whom the yet young heart presents memories of his own young days.

The melancholy and morose man, to whom a child's laugh is an annoyance; who loves to sit in quiet, and to nurse his own wrongs, who broods upon his misery and his failures, and girds at other men, from whose merit he detracts, cannot afford half the satisfaction as he who wears this strange network of life about him lightly, who cheers his fellow-passengers on the same road, and who merits the name of a merry fellow.

There is a certain kind of sorrow which is as selfish and mean as it is useless and unavailing. The brave, good man, may determine to take things as they come, but he tries to make them come right. His religion bids him to believe that "true piety is cheerful as the day," and that too much melancholy is as bad or worse than too much lightness. He believes that an undue indulgence in such a passion has in it more of laziness and self-gratification. It seems to agree with one's piteous nature to mourn over our losses, and to talk fondly, and with disconsolateness, about those who have gone before us; but even too much solicitude about the dead, is against the feeling of trust and faith which Christianity should teach. It may seem very romantic to be nursing a sentimental affection for a relic or a grave, and there are many losses which can never be made up; but, ordinarily, they should mourn most who have done least for the departed, and whose consciences reproach them for the lapses they have made.

We should not look mournfully over the past; it is, as Byron wrote and thought, it is past—we can never recall it. Do what we will, we cannot get back the angry word which has been spoken, the selfish deed, the unjust reproach, the wrong that we have done, or the pain that we have inflicted. It is well to remember these things with something like shame, but not with a permanent melancholy, which, more than anything, indisposes us for action.

We may observe that the most self-indulgent and lazy people are generally the most inclined to take sad and miserable views of life. The hypochondriac who nurses his spleen never looks forward cheerfully, but lounges in his invalid chair, and croaks like a raven, foreboding woe. "Ah," says he, "you will never succeed, these things always fail."

As with nations, so with people. From Sir John Mandeville downwards, Eastern travelers will tell you of the dreamy melancholy of the Arab and Egyptian, and of the sleepy gloom of the Bedouin, who believes not in joy. The Muezzin howl their prayers with heart-rending accents. "Their melancholy faces," says a traveler, "symbolize the sad magnificence of their race." But here we are at issue.

The faces of the Easterns seem to us to show too often cruel, melancholy, sad hearts, and belong to people ready enough to spring upon a traveler to rob and to oppress him, but not ready to trust themselves.

The Thug of India, whose prayer is a homicide, and whose offering is the body of a victim, is melancholy; the Cossack ruffian soldier is as sad as the oppressed Pole; the Indian is melancholy, for he has no hunting-grounds, and his future is darkening; the Fijian, waiting to smash in the skull of a victim, and to prepare a bakalo for his gods, is melancholy; the Bushman of South Africa, and the native negro, with his horrent rites of bloody worship, is melancholy too.

Times of perturbation, of trial, and of cessation from the ordinary routine of joy-giving labor and ordinary occupation, are followed by much national melancholy. Excitement produces its re-action. A life of great excitement will, after the effervescence has passed off, leave a sad residuum.

But we must remember that in talking of those who indulge in this kind of sadness, that we by no means mean miserable people. On the contrary, the melancholy temperament carries its consolation with it. Like the man in the comedy, it "likes to be made a martyr of." Children in the sulks have a certain pleasure in talking. Women who quarrel and flounce out of the room are delighted in flouncing, and in persuading themselves that they think, or really are thinking, how ill used they are.

Burton, whose curious book on the "Anatomy of Melancholy" was one of those which share the honor of having taken Dr. Johnson "out of his bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise," has in a prefatory dialogue alternately shown the beauty and the hatefulness of melancholy. But he commences with its joys, and he tells us that to a musing man nothing is so delicious. But in the next stanza he paints its sorrows and disagreements. It is a growing vice. It attacks us at first in a gentle way, and may be repelled; but, if we welcome it, we are lost. It comes to us as an infant, but it soon grows into a giant. It is conceited and full of self pity. Every melancholy man thinks enough of himself.

Saturn, lordliest and proudest of the stars, is lord also of melancholy. Stately and melancholy is the proud peacock; profoundly so is the aged lion or decrepit old hound; dignified is the melancholy owl; and vindictive and proud the tomb-haunting jackal and hyena, most melancholy of animals. The melancholy man loves solitude, and to be alone. But he, says the proverb, "who would be always alone, must be a god, or a beast." A man loves the company of his fellows; "It is not good that man should be alone."

Lordly man may at last pride himself in having a pre-eminence in sadness. Paley has devoted a chapter of a logical and manly work to prove that besides man, the world holds "myriads of happy beings;" that insects "are full of joy and exultation. A bee among the flowers is one of the most cheerful objects which can be looked on—all enjoyment, so busy and so pleased.

Even plants are covered with aphides, constantly sucking their juices, and constantly in a state of gratification." So also the waters of rivers, the stagnant waters of the pond, the very air above and around us, all teem with enjoying life. "What a sum collectively of gratification and pleasure have we here in view!" says Paley, as he sums up. Wordsworth elsewhere, a sombre poet enough, saw splendor in the grass, and glory in the flower, and that "land and sea gave themselves up to jollity;" and the most reflective minds amongst us see enough to breed not an unhappiness but inspire "perpetual benedictions."

It is a poor heart which never rejoices, and a merry one which goes all the day like a watch, with a good balance and strong main-spring. Cheerfulness has honor, after all, in this world; we love a bold face and a light spirit, and our admiration and sympathy is rightly accorded to that captain who in the storm and battle of life still keeps a stout heart, a cheerful word, and a bright look-out, and who disdains to be as mournful and full of sadness as Job, without a thousandth part of that patriarch's afflictions.

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PERHAPS love is never so potent as when it seizes upon those who have passed their first youth, or even those who have passed the prime of life. The choice made is then likely to be thoroughly suited to the nature of the man; and any intelligent gifts on the part of the woman are likely to be more attractive to a man of this age than to a younger person. Besides, there is a feeling that, as life is not likely to be very long, this late love is the last thing to be clung to, and that after it, should it be lost, all will be desolation.

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THERE is no virtue which is more respected than unselfishness, and hence we find the man who attains the greatest popularity in this world is not he who amasses great wealth or stands high in the temple of fame, but it is he who, like our Great Master, went about continually doing good, and by his philanthropic exertions has effected a measure whereby the hungry are fed, the naked clothed, and spiritual provision provided for those who have been less favorably situated than himself.

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THE loftiest, the most angel-like ambition is the earnest desire to contribute to the rational happiness and moral improvement of others. If we can do this—if we can smoothe the ragged path of one fellow-traveler—if we can give one good impression, is it not better than all the triumphs that wealth and power ever attained?

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TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, sets a man's invention upon the rack, and needs a great many more to make it good.

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DO all in your power to each your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper; if he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, promote generosity.

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WHEN you build selfishly, you build frailly. When your acts are hostile to the broad interests of your fellow-men, they are seed that will one day come up weeds, to choke your own harvest-field.

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THE labor of the body relieves us from the fatigues of the mind; and this it is which forms the happiness of the poor.

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INDUSTRY keeps the body healthy, the mind clear, the heart whole and the purse full.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS MOWCHER.—**Villette**, written and published in 1850 by Charlotte Bronte, is not that we have heard, a special history of her own life; but episodes in her history would appear to have been woven into most, if not all, of her novels.

T. G. M.—**The letter "J" and the letter "I" were synonymous (although differently pronounced) in the English language up to the year 1600. The introduction of the letter was due to some Dutch printers. In medical prescriptions, when the symbol for unity ends a series of numerals they write "j" instead of "i," as "vj," "vij," and "viij."**

DOUBTFUL.—**It is better to leave all advances towards intimacy to to the man rather than to take the initiative yourself. It is enough to accept his attentions graciously. The man must be the seeker, not the woman; and so far as she departs from the conduct exacted by these rules, by so much will his respect for her be diminished.**

DICK.—**Antonius Stradivarius stands confessed as the greatest of all the violin makers. His workmanship, we are told, was absolute perfection, and his varnish soft, rich, brilliant, and generally a dark auburn color, but sometimes red or reddish brown. The wood that he used was selected with the utmost care, both for vibratory power and beauty of grain.**

VIOLET.—**We are not surprised at your being vexed with yourself for your very foolish conduct. What does the gentleman mean? Why, simply impertinent flirtation, which, if not checked in time, might be the source of much unhappiness. You will be wise to at once strongly, openly, and without any mistake, mark your opinion of conduct which is most unwarrantable. Surely the race of gentlemen is dying out!**

ENQUIRER.—**It has long been discovered that the unfortunate State prisoner, distinguished as the Man in the Iron Mask, was the Count Ercolo Antonio Mattiholi, a senator of Mantua, and a private agent of Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Mantua. We may further state, his twenty-four years of imprisonment was the severe penalty for having deceived Louis XIV. in a secret treaty for the purchase of the Castle of Casale.**

FINS BARR.—**Gentlemen always give place to ladies, and allow them to precede them. This act of chivalrous feeling has a foundation of common sense, because, as her protector, he must keep her in sight, which, should he precede her, he could not do. Nothing could look worse than to see a man walking first (unless in the case of facing any danger), just like a drake followed by a flock of geese! The ladies first should be a rule on all ordinary occasions.**

ALPHA.—**Meat loses much of its nutritive qualities by being salted; hence, to invalids, and those of delicate digestion, salt meat is unsuited. Fresh meat, unless cooked at once after killing, as is the practice of savage life, is hard, because the muscles have set and become dead and cold and the fibre has hardened also with death. Hence the Parisians always heat their steaks, etc. When flesh or fowl has been "hung" for a time, or when kept long, as game, venison, etc., decomposition has partially commenced, and it is tender.**

W. R. D.—**1. Wilton or moquette carpets are made like Brussels, but they are woven over a wire with a groove on the top instead of a round one. The wire is not drawn out as in the Brussels, but is cut out by drawing a sharp knife along the groove. This separates all the loops, and they stand up and make what is called a pile, like the threads in velvet. The pile is afterwards sheared so as to make a smooth, level nap. 2. Tapestry and velvet pile carpets are imitations of Brussels and Wilton, but are cheaper, and do not wear so long.**

S. N.—**Woollen and cotton goods are now dyed with aniline colors. All that is necessary is to enclose the aniline of the shade desired in a small muslin bag, and having a tin or brass kettle filled with moderately hot water, dip the color in and rub the substance out. Then immerse the articles to be dyed, and in a short time they are done. Care must be observed in this process, as the dye is absorbed so readily that spotting will occur in many instances. No fixing mixture is required, although the color is improved by wringing the goods out of strong soapsuds before putting them in the dye.**

CASTILE.—**Soap is an older invention than you people imagine. It is recorded that upwards of 2,000 years ago the Gauls had a method of making it by combining the ashes of the beech tree with goat's fat. When Marius Cladius Marcellus was hastening southward over the Flaminian way, laden with spoils wrested from Viridomar, the Gallic king, whom he had left lying dead on the banks of the Po, his followers were bringing with them a knowledge of soap making. The humble shop of a soap-maker is said to have been amongst the palaces and statues buried in the ruins of Pompeii in the year 79 and in several other cities of Italy the business had a footing even at that time. There were many soap manufacturers in Italy and spain in the eighth century, and 500 years later the Phœnicians carried the business into France, and established the first factories at Marseilles. Prior to the invention of soap, Fuller's earth and the juice of certain plants was largely used for cleaning purposes. The earth was spread upon cloth, stamped with the feet, and subsequently removed by scouring. It was also used in baths, and was, we believe, employed by the Romans in that way even as late as the eighteenth century.**

## ROSES.

BY A. M. B.

One sweet wee bud, whose leaflets red
Blushed with the crimson glow
That lurks within the opal's heart,
Lay on her breast of snow.

One pure white bud, of spotless hue,
Twined in her golden braids—
I happiest man who placed it there,
Most modest she of maids.

Ah, sweet red rose, thy blossom died—
Died even in its birth!
Ah, white rose, thou wast not more pure
Than she who 'neath the earth

Lies chaste and stainless in her shroud!
And, for her sake, to me
The time of roses in my heart
Of hearts shall sacred be.

# Abbotslyn.

BY A. K.

A WILD west wind was blowing from the sea over the trim grounds of Abbotslyn, scattering the leaves that had gathered in little mounds beneath the beeches on the lawn, and making mournful music in the ivy that clustered round the gables of the quaint old house. Mingling with the voices of the wind came the sullen dash of breakers; and Mrs. Carlyle, from her seat at the library window, could see them, beyond the ring of trees that girdled the lawn, gaileping fiercely to land.

But the mistress of Abbotslyn had bowed her head on her hands, listening to the eager words of a young officer who stood beside her. His handsome face was pale, and he brushed his hand across his eyes once or twice to hide the tears as he spoke.

"Aunt Eleanor, dear auntie, good bye! If I never come back—if I fall in the East—you will take care of Maggie and remember me sometimes. Good-bye!"

"My boy, my boy!" she said, laying her hand on his curly hair as he knelt beside her. "Heaven bless you, dear, and bring you safely home."

"Amen!" he responded, with a brave sweet smile. "Good bye till we meet again!"

Tears fell fast from Mrs. Carlyle's eyes as she kissed him, and he started up and left the room. For a while he stood at the corridor window listening to the sad refrain of the wind, and preparing for the saddest farewell of all. The striking of the hall clock roused him, and, nerving himself for the parting, he went hastily down to the pleasant breakfast-room, where a bright fire was burning.

A girl in a gray morning dress was standing by the window, weeping as if her heart would break. She did not look up or speak when the young officer came to her side.

"Maggie, I must go now, or I shall lose the train. Good-bye, dear," he said, quietly, drawing the little hands away from her flushed and tear-stained face.

With a violent effort she subdued her sobs to ask—

"Oh, Guy, must you go?"

"Darling, you would not have me stay when duty calls me?" he answered gently.

"No, no!"

"Then be brave, my darling. A soldier's promised wife, and yet without a smile to bid me God speed! Why, Maggie, where is all your courage?" he said, with playful fondness.

She tried to smile, but it was a mockery more mournful than her tears, and for a little while they stood in silence more eloquent than all words, he clasping her tightly in his arms, his tears falling on her face.

"I must go," he said at last—"good-bye, my dear, good-bye!"

He kissed her once, twice, and without another word strode away across the lawn. At the gate he stopped and looked back at the dear, ugly, comfortable house he loved so well; he fancied he could see Maggie watching from the window, and waved his hand in silent farewell.

"'It may be for years, it may be for ever,'" he murmured.

Between him and home lay many a month of strife and pain and bloodshed on the battle-fields of the East, and with one last look he turned and walked towards the station, facing his new life as the mariner turns from the last glimpse of his native land to the blank cheerless sea.

Mrs. Carlyle, coming into the breakfast-room some time after, found Maggie kneeling by the window, her hands clasped over her face. Her aunt did not speak to her, but sat down at the piano and began to play soft snatches from Beethoven and Mozart, sweet, sacred airs, with words of hope and comfort linked with the familiar music. Maggie's sobs ceased as the sounds filled the room, mingling with the sad song of the wind, and presently she came to Mrs. Carlyle's side, and clasped her arms around her—

"Auntie—aunt Eleanor!"

"My dear," she said, softly, smoothing Maggie's dark hair with a gentle touch that spoke more sympathy than words.

"Oh, auntie, if he never comes back!"

"Hush, you must not think of that. Look forward to the spring, Maggie, when you will see him again, perhaps. It won't be long before the woods will begin to be green and our garden be bright, and then the war may be over."

"And all the long dreary winter he will be out there in the cold and the frost, perhaps wounded, perhaps dying. Oh, auntie, auntie!"

"Child, child," said Mrs. Carlyle, sternly, her haughty face hardening into its usual look, "you think your sorrow above all other sorrow. Foolish girl! Suppose Guy fails in doing his duty; it will be with your name on his lips—his last thought will be yours. Will it not take the bitterness of your sorrow away to know that you were all the world to him? Suppose he did not love you, Maggie—suppose he loved Nina Hall, and bade you good bye carelessly—would not your sorrow be greater?"

"It would kill me," Maggie answered, in a low voice.

"People don't die so easily," commented Mrs. Carlyle, bitterly, rising from her seat and crossing to the fire. "If hearts are broken from such a cause, mine ought to have broken long ago. No one must live on, and smile, and laugh, and make life one long masquerade, though all happiness has long been buried never to rise again;" and Mrs. Carlyle laughed a bitter scornful laugh at Maggie's wondering look of surprise.

She stood on the hearthrug, the bright glow of the fire shining on her beautiful proud face and stately figure, and Maggie, looking steadily at her, could see a depth of intense misery in her dark eyes she had never seen before.

"I never knew you had suffered much, auntie," she said, gently.

"No, I play my part well, my dear; but I will tell you the story of my life, Maggie. Come and sit at my feet," she added, seating herself in the easy chair, and leaning her head wearily back.

Maggie silently complied, and waited for the tale with wondering curiosity.

"Do you think me beautiful, Maggie?" asked Mrs. Carlyle, abruptly lifting her head.

Her niece looked admiringly at the pale queenly face, with its crown of glossy hair.

"You know you are, auntie."

"Yes, I know I am," she rejoined, bitterly; "but do you think I could be loved, Maggie?"

"Yes, indeed," Maggie answered.

"And yet no one ever loved me in all my life—no one whose love I cared for."

Mrs. Carlyle did not speak again for some minutes. The wind swept past the window laden with heavy rain drops, and Maggie could see the storm clouds hurrying across the sky over the heaving sea, and tear after tear dropped from her blue eyes as she thought of Guy whirling through the southern shires to join his regiment.

"Maggie," said her aunt at last, "you remember, when you returned from India with your mother ten years ago, after your father's death, that you stayed some weeks here before going to Scotland?"

"Yes," answered Maggie, quickly; "and Guy was here with—with uncle Carlyle."

She hesitated at the last name, for it was one she had never before mentioned to the aunt who had supplied the place of a mother to her for seven years.

"Yes, Guy was here; your grandfather was very fond of him, poor boy, and he often spent his holidays at Abbotslyn. You know, Maggie, that Abbotslyn is entailed; and when your father died, leaving no son, your uncle Carlyle became the heir, though only a distant relative."

Yes, auntie."

"And of course Guy is the heir now—the last of the Carlyles, for he was my husband's only nephew. So you will be mistress of Abbotslyn some time, Maggie."

The girl's head bent a little lower, and she clasped her ring tightly as she thought that Guy might never place another there.

With the soft loving touch that was only for Maggie and Guy Mrs. Carlyle smoothed her niece's hair pausing with a flushed face and drooping eyes. Her voice was very low when she went on.

"When the news came home that the last of his brave boys had fallen in India, leaving but a little girl to bear his name, your grandfather's heart was nearly broken. All the hopes and love centred in me, the last of his children, and he formed a plan to keep Abbotslyn in the family. He sent for Mr. Carlyle, whom we had never seen, and he came on a visit here with his little nephew, Guy; you remember him, Maggie?"

"Yes, auntie—a tall, handsome man, with dark hair, and eyes like Guy's."

"Yes, he was very handsome, and very clever. I loved him, Maggie. You cannot understand how I loved him, child. I was a passionate woman, and I loved him with all my heart."

"And he loved you, auntie?" said Maggie, softly; for Mrs. Carlyle had stopped, and was looking into the fire with a strange, tender light in her eyes, while her lips trembled.

"He did at first, Maggie. I think he admired me much as any one admires a beautiful picture or a statue; and he liked to talk to me, for I was clever, and had read a great deal. But eventually he did not love me, Maggie; though, when my father told him of his darling wish to see me mistress of Abbotslyn, he consented to the arrangement by which it was to be carried out, and we were engaged. I was so happy, Maggie—so proud of him. Your grandfather wished the marriage to take place early, and the time was fixed for the last week in August. In June the Lanes of Woodscot came home from a tour on the Continent. Eva Lane and I had always been dear friends, and we were a good deal with each other. She was to be my chief bridesmaid, and helped me to arrange my trousseau. It was a most lovely June, and we used to spend a great deal of time wandering through Woodscot woods, or by the sea—Eva and your uncle and I. She was very pretty—a petite beauty, with soft blue eyes and golden hair—a dear little thing, with very little mind and a great deal of heart. Ah, how blind I was in my great love—how blind, how blind!—not to see that the tender light that shone in Robert's eyes was not for me—that the tremulous love that thrilled his voice was for Eva, and not for his plighted wife. He did not know it himself, nor did Eva—we were all blind; and the bright, balmy days flew on over the beautiful earth—morn, and dewy eve, and starry night—weaving our fates. The crimson rose leaves began to fall upon the paths, the corn grew ripe to harvest tide, and my marriage-day drew near.

"For a few weeks in July your uncle left us, and then it was, I think, he learnt that the woman he was about to marry was not the woman he loved—and the knowledge kept him from Abbotslyn; for it was not till the week of our marriage that he returned. Oh, Maggie, may you never know—you never will know the pain and bitterness of awakening from such a happy dream to a miserable reality! I remember—I shall never forget— the evening he came back. Eva was spending the day with me; she was looking thin and pale, and was much quieter than usual. We were in the library chatting, when the step we both knew so well sounded on the terrace below, and I rose in loving eagerness to welcome Robert. Eva did not move, and she did not come down till tea time, for we dined early then, as we do now. After tea I proposed a walk. Eva would not go at first, till I entreated her, and we strolled down to the sea shore. Eva was very delicate, and, noticing that she had only thin muslin over her shoulders, I ran back for a shawl. I was detained a little in the house, and I walked slowly down to the rocks. The shadows were gathering, and the evening star was shining over the blue sea. I walked on beside the waves, listening to their pleasant ripple, and thinking pleasant thoughts, till I reached a little rugged promontory—beyond, Robert and Eva were waiting for me—and I stood there a moment looking across the darkening ocean at the star of love. I had turned to go round the rock, when your uncle's voice fell on my ears; he had a very clear musical voice, though now it was trembling with pain—

"'Eva, Eva,' he said, 'my darling!'

"I passed steadily round the little promontory into the cave beyond. They were standing side by side, Robert clasping her hand, and looking down on her flushed bent face with his eyes full of tenderness. I came forward very quietly, for my pride was stronger than my love, and my voice was steady when I spoke.

"'Eva, here is a shawl, dear.' I wrapped it round her shoulders, for Robert had drawn back, with such a sad weary look on his handsome face.

"'I think we had better return home,' I said; 'it is growing dark.'

"Neither spoke, and we walked in silence back, the stars sparkling above us, the ripple of the waves the only sound that broke the stillness.

"Eva stopped at the gate.

"'I will not go in, Eleanor,' she said; 'good-bye.'

"'Good-bye,' I said, touching her hand—I could not kiss her—and walking swiftly up the path. Robert walked on with her; he had not spoken or looked at me, and I stood at the window watching them go up the road—as you watched Guy this morning, Maggie, but with deeper pain; for distance or death cannot part you and Guy as I was parted from my husband that was to be. I was standing there when he came back, and, strong in my pride, I turned to meet his face when he came to my side.

"'Eleanor,' he said, quietly—and in the dusk I could see the whiteness of his face—'do you wish our engagement cancelled?'

"'No,' I answered, coldly.

"He started, and looked at me with a strange pleading glance. I leant back against the window, playing with the tassel of the blind, waiting for him to speak.

"'Eleanor, I cannot in honor break my promise to you—I am willing to fulfil it; but, Eleanor, I do not love you. I admire, I respect you; but I have found out my mistake in thinking that I loved you.'

"'Were they not cruel words, Maggie? And I loved him—oh, how well, how truly—and our marriage was but two days thence. But I would not release him from his promise—I could not, I would not—and I answered—

"'You can break the promise you gave me if you please, Mr. Carlyle, but I shall never do so.'

"'Then it shall not be broken,' he returned. He left the room, and I stood at the window, looking out into the night, till the stars were thick in the heavens and the house was still.

"Our marriage day dawned, a golden balmy day, so sweet and bright; it seemed to accord but ill with the vows that were to be spoken, and I longed for clouds to shadow the sunshine. A great many friends and relatives were gathered here. Your mother came, but Eva did not. I had not seen her since that evening; but a note came asking me to excuse her. She was very unwell, she said—confined to her room. It was a loving note, wishing me all happiness, and I cried over it; they were the first tears I had shed for months. I almost made up my mind to break the marriage off, but my pride still kept me back. I could marry a man that did not love me, but I could not bear the sneers and comments of my friends. So the hours passed on.

"I was dressed in my bridal array and stood beside the altar, with my hand in Robert's and his white stern face looking far away beyond me. Ah, who among the gay circle round us guessed how miserable we were? What bitter mockeries their congratulations were when we gathered in the vestry and I signed my name as 'Eleanor Carlyle!' I can remember nothing more distinctly. We rode home in perfect silence, but, when he handed me from the carriage, he said, kindly—

"'Do you feel ill, Eleanor?'

"'No, thank you, I answered, but I did not wonder at his asking me when I looked in the glass. My face was as white as my dress, but for one vivid spot of scarlet on the cheeks, and my eyes were flashing with fever light.

"The breakfast passed as most wedding-breakfasts do. A long dreary mockery it was, like all else that day; yet I was sorry when it was over, and I went to put on my traveling dress. Your mother came with me. Ah, Maggie dear, you are so like her! I loved her so dearly as though she were my sister indeed. She did not say much to me; I saw she knew that I was not happy, though I laughed and chatted excitedly. I went down to have one last look at the dear old rooms—for we were going abroad. The library was my favorite room, as it is now, and I went in there and stood at one of the windows trying to cool my burning brow. I did not notice my husband, who had been standing at one of the other windows, but he crossed over to me. He was about to speak, when suddenly through the air came the tolling of a bell—the passing bell of Woodscot chapel, which was rung only for one of the Lanes. One—two—three, the strokes sounded on, and we counted them with a nameless terror in our hearts, till the nineteenth died away in silence; then I knew that Eva was dead.

"I sank down by the windows, covered my face with my hands, and heard my husband leave the room without one word to me. Then all was a blank, and I knew nothing more till I found myself in my room, and, raising my weak head, saw from the window that the beeches on the lawn were bare and brown, and that low gloomy clouds were sweeping over the sea. I had been ill. Your mother was by my side; weak and dying as she was, she had watched and nursed me during my illness—for I had been very ill: the excitement had brought on brain fever, and for weeks they thought I was going to die.

"Little by little I learnt the events that had happened since my wedding-day. Eva had indeed died—died of a broken heart I knew, though the doctors called it by another name. My husband had stayed at Abbotslyn till danger was over, and then he had gone away. I did not see him—I did not wish to see him—and I wrote him a letter asking him to make arrangements for our living apart from each other.

"I have not seen him since, Maggie. He went abroad after arranging that Abbotslyn should be my home as long as I lived, but he did not write to me: he left England without one word to me, and I have not seen him since."

Maggie's eyes grew dim with tears at the quiet misery of her aunt's speech, and she gently clasped her hand around the white jewelled one lying on Mrs. Carlyle's dress.

"You know the rest of my story, Maggie—how your mother came here to live with you, and how she died and my father after her. My little girl, I think I should have died too had it not been for you and for Guy; the fresh pure happiness and love of your lives has kept my heart green for all its sorrow. But do not wonder at my being harsh and haughty sometimes, Maggie, I have not conquered my pride; it is the ruling passion of my life still."

"Poor auntie!" Maggie laid her cheek lovingly on Mrs. Carlyle's lap and looked up into her face. "I wish there could be a good ending to your story."

"There will be a good ending to it when Guy comes home and there is a wedding again in Abbotslyn, my dear. That is the only good ending, and that will come, please Providence; and, if not—but that is too sorrowful an 'if.' See, Maggie, the clouds are drifting away, and sunlight is on the sea. Go and put on your things, and we will go down to the Rectory, and call on Mrs. Oswald. And, Maggie, never speak of what I have told you—I only wished to draw your mind from your own sorrow—never speak of it again."

Mrs. Carlyle's face was hardening to its usual haughty expression, which hid like a mask the sorrowful history of the past, and Maggie silently left the room pondering the story that had shown her aunt to her in a new light.

* * * * * *

The long and terrible winter of the Crimean campaign passed slowly away to the anxious hearts in England and the brave soldiers fighting and suffering in the East.

Maggie grew pale and thin with anxiety as account after account came home of the privations of the army, and with a fearful anticipation she watched day by day for the postman.

One day, a few weeks after Christmas, the old postman hobbled in at the gate with that look of importance he always bore when the bearer of a letter from Guy.

Maggie ran down eagerly to meet him. Besides one for her, there was a letter for Mrs. Carlyle, and the daily paper. With a joyful "Thank you" she took them from the smiling old man, and ran back to give Mrs. Carlyle her letter. She then ran quickly upstairs to read her own, which was a long one, written in good spirits, though Guy spoke of the danger to which his company was exposed. Maggie read it through three times before she turned to the war news of the paper. She eagerly ran down the columns, till her eyes were arrested by a paragraph containing the words—

"Captain Carlyle, of the — Regiment, dangerously wounded."

What she had dreaded so long had come at last. Maggie folded the paper mechanically—not feeling surprised—hardly feeling glad that matters were no worse.

"He will die—he will die! Oh, if I could be there to nurse him!" she thought helplessly, with a burst of tears, taking up his bright, hopeful letter.

"My dear, what is it?" asked Mrs. Carlyle, coming into the room. She took up the paper and read the paragraph which Maggie pointed out, with quivering lips. "Poor child—poor little girl! But do not cry so, Maggie. It is all for the best. He will be home sooner. Never fear, Maggie; Guy is strong—he will soon recover."

And Maggie, who was naturally of a very hopeful temperament, smiled through her tears and tried to believe that it was all for the best.

"Now, dear," said her aunt, after a little sorrowful pause, "I must tell you the news my letter contains. It is from my lawyer in London. He tells me that Mrs. Carlyle has met with great losses through the failure of some banks, and that he has returned from abroad and taken a situation in London rather than make any diminution in my income or mortgage any part of Abbotslyn. Sorrows never come singly, you see, Maggie, my dear," she added, with a sad smile. "Mr. Spencer has told me this, thinking that I would like to know it, and I am glad—I am glad!"

She paced the room once or twice in an excited way very unusual with her. Maggie sat by the window, in her anxiety for Guy hardly understanding what her aunt had said.

"Maggie," said Mrs. Carlyle, stopping in her hurried walk, "would you mind leaving Abbotslyn?"

"No, auntie—not if you wished me to do so, though I love it dearly," replied Maggie, wonderingly.

"Then listen to me, dear—I will leave Abbotslyn. I cannot stay there while my husband toils for a living. I—I thought I had learnt to forget him, Maggie. How little we know ourselves!"

"Where will you go, auntie?" said Maggie.

"I have a little money of my own. We will go away to some quiet place where we can live upon that, and I will get some teaching or something."

"But I have money," said Maggie, shyly.

"You are not of age yet, dear, and, if you were, I would not let you touch it for me. No, Maggie, we will live as thousands of people live and die—without luxuries—and Mr. Carlyle can come and live here; and, when Guy comes home and you are married, you will come back again."

"And leave you, auntie?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Carlyle, with a sad smile. "Now, Maggie, work is the panacea for all diseases, especially for heartache; so you must come and help me, dear, to pack our things and arrange, and I will write to Mr. Spencer and tell him to acquaint your uncle with my decision."

Mrs. Carlyle was a wonderfully energetic woman, and before evening she had arranged all their things, decided on going to Kelmington, a little village in Dorset, written to Mr. Spencer, and bade farewell to the Rector and his wife, who were the only dear friends she had. Next day she and Maggie left Abbotslyn.

"When shall I see it again?" said Mrs. Carlyle, as the carriage whirled them to the station, and she caught a farewell glimpse of the gabled house with its green lawn sloping to the sea. "Shall I ever see it again? Ah, Maggie, how little we know what our future fate may be!"

"I will be a prophetess, aunt Eleanor," said Maggie, with a smile. "You will come back to Abbotslyn again."

Kelmington was a little village nestling down between two great hills, with a river flashing past it. It was a pretty, peaceful place, with an ancient church having an ivied rectory by its side. Mrs. Carlyle had stayed there once in her childhood, and the memory of its quiet beauty had made her choose it now. It was little changed; the houses and the church and the green hills above were still the same, but the people—ah, what changes a few years had worked!

Aunt Eleanor could not recognize a single face in the village where she had known every one but fifteen years ago. Even the names over the shop doors were changed, and a new sign creaked from the tree near the village inn. She had no difficulty in obtaining neat, respectable lodgings, and their last evening in Kelmington was passed very happily, though both their hearts were very sad.

The landlady was possessed of a full share of curiosity, and she tried, by a stratagem that had cost her a great deal of thought, to discover who her lodgers were.

"I suppose, ma'am," she asked, as she removed the breakfast cloth next morning, "you are the new schoolmistress?"

"What makes you think so?" asked Mrs. Carlyle, with a smile.

"I dunno, ma'am; only, as they want a mistress at the school, I thought you might be her—that's all. No offence, I hope, ma'am?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Carlyle, turning away to speak to Maggie.

The woman left the room, sorely annoyed at being baffled, and Mrs. Carlyle went upstairs to put on her things.

"I am going to make a call at the Rectory, Maggie, she said; "I shall not be long."

She came back with a very bright face.

"Maggie, allow me to introduce to you the schoolmistress of Kelmington."

"Auntie, you don't mean to say——"

"I do, my dear. I am going to teach the juveniles in Kelmington parish school. The Rector's wife I know very well—she was an old denizen of the village; so no other reference was necessary. And I begin my duties to-morrow."

"Oh, auntie, shall you like them? Can I help you?" asked Maggie, eagerly.

"Yes, dear, I shall like them; and I want no help. You must walk about and get well and rosy, so as not to greet Guy with that pale face, and I shall be happy in teaching the little ones, and learning the hardest lesson of my life."

Maggie looked up inquiringly.

"Learning to conquer my pride, my dear."

* * * * * *

Maggie sat in the little sitting-room, singing softly to herself while she sewed, and thinking of the dreary hospital where Guy lay in pain and sickness. Mrs. Carlyle was at the schoolhouse, and February rain was falling on the little garden. A footstep on the soaking pathway stopped Maggie's song, and she went to the window to see what visitor had ventured out on such a day. It was a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man, with a dark moustache and beard, and keen bright eyes. Maggie recognized him directly: it was Mr. Carlyle, and her heart throbbed with a joyful hope that after all there might be a happy ending to the story of aunt Eleanor's life.

Mrs. Skinner went to the door and showed him into the little room where Maggie waited somewhat in terror.

"A gentleman for Mrs. Carlyle," announced the landlady.

Maggie came timidly forward.

"Mrs. Carlyle is not at home, sir," she said.

"Then I will wait," he returned, taking off his dripping overcoat and carrying it into the passage.

He came back again with a smile, and held his hand out to Maggie.

"I must introduce myself, young lady; I am your uncle Carlyle, and you are Maggie—are you not?"

"Yes," she answered shyly.

"The young lady my brave boy Guy loves so well," he said, looking at her pretty eyes and flushed cheek with fatherly approval, and still holding her hand. "I have something for you, Maggie, that was sent to Abbotsiyn—something you will be glad to have."

"A letter?" asked Maggie, eagerly.

"Yes, a letter," he answered, taking it from his pocket. "Read it—it is from Guy."

Maggie went to the window and opened it with eager hands. It was a long loving letter, containing news that sent the blood flying to her face in happiness. Guy was better, though still terribly weak, and he was coming home when strong enough to travel.

"I have had a letter from him too, said Mr. Carlyle, as she turned to him with glistening eyes. "Thank Heaven, we shall have our boy safe home again, Maggie."

He had sat down before the fire perfectly cool and self-possessed, though a keener observer than Maggie might have noticed a little nervous start when the garden gate creaked on its hinges.

"Can I get you anything, uncle Carlyle?" asked Maggie, feeling that she must do the honors of the house.

"I should like a cup of tea," he returned; "I have walked from the station and am very tired. Stay," he added, as Maggie was about to leave the room; "where is your aunt?"

"At the schoolhouse. She is the schoolmistress of Kelmington."

He started, and a little flush passed over his face at her words, but he did not speak, and Maggie left the room on hospitable cares intent.

She brought in the tea herself, and was cutting the bread and butter, when her aunt's light step sounded on the garden path. Mr. Carlyle bent his head over the fire, and Maggie's hand trembled with excitement, but Mrs. Carlyle did not come in to the sitting-room. She ran upstairs, humming a tune the children had been singing, and came down, with her wet garments removed, dressed in a long black dress, with her beautiful hair drooping over her face. She entered the room with her bright smile, that was so new and yet so sweet, on her lips.

"Tea ready so soon, Maggie dear?" she said, not noticing Mr. Carlyle for a moment; but she suddenly checked herself, and stood still in the middle of the room, as he rose from his seat and came towards her.

"Eleanor, I have come to speak to you about this foolish determination of yours," he said, his voice trembling despite his efforts to control it.

She looked at him in a puzzled way, and then, to the astonishment of her companions and of herself, the proud woman sat down, and clasping her hands over her face, burst into tears. Maggie gave up her table duties and left the room, and Mr. Carlyle stood by his wife's side in puzzled pain.

"Eleanor, don't cry so—I cannot bear it!" he persisted, vainly striving to hush her sobs, and then, with a sudden impulse, he bent down and lifted her head upon his arm. "Eleanor, dear Eleanor, will you forgive me? Will you let me love you? Dear wife, let the past be forgotten."

"You do not love me," she said.

"I do," and he clasped her tighter, and looked tenderly down on her beautiful face. "I love you dearly, Eleanor; the past is all forgotton, and I love you as I loved you when first we met. Forgive me, Eleanor."

"You have most to forgive," Eleanor returned, humbly. "I have conquered my pride, Robert, and now my love is strongest."

The twilight had fallen before they remembered the tea, and Mrs. Carlyle ran upstairs to Maggie.

"Come down, dear—you must be frozen with cold;" and in a lower tone she added, smoothing her niece's hair, "My story will have a happy edding after all, Maggie dear; and—only think!—he would never have come to me if I had not left Abbotslyn, for he thought I did not care for him. You are a true prophetess, little Maggie. We shall go back to our dear old home, after all; and now come down to tea."

* * * * * *

The beeches on the lawn of Abbotslyn were green with the young leaves, and the garden was bright with spring flowers, when Guy came home again. It was a bright as the blue sky with happiness, when she came down with the consciousness that "Guy would be home to-day." She was not still one moment all the morning, trying to make the laggard hours pass quicker. Mr. Carlyle had gone to meet Guy at the port, and they were to be home by two o'clock.

"There never was such a long morning," said Mrs. Carlyle, laughing; but it was over at last, and the welcome sound of carriage-wheels sound ed up the road.

"They are come—they are come!" cried Maggie, springing to the door first to meet and welcome Guy.

He was terribly white and thin, and a heavy moustache made him look much older; but they were Guy's beautiful eyes, and it was his own voice. It was choked with emotion as he caught Maggie in his arms.

"My darling—my Maggie!"

* * * * * *

"'The winter is over, and the time of the singing of birds is come.'" quoted Mr. Carlyle to his wife, as they stood by the library window, watching Maggie and Guy strolling down towards the sunny sea.

"They are happy at last, the dear children," said Mrs. Carlyle, with a loving look at the two.

"And we are happy at last, my wife," said Mr. Carlyle. "'The winter is over, and the time of the singing of birds has come' for us as well as for them, dearest."

Eleanor laid her head back on her husband's shoulder, and looked up in his face with loving pride.

"I was never so happy before, dear Robert," she said, frankly,

"Nor I," he returned, kissing her fondly.

And by the seashore Guy and Maggie wandered in the happiness of love and hope, and the birds sang around them, and the sea chanted on the shore of many happy years to come.

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"Local option" has been applied to the tolerance, or otherwise, of football in Canton Thurgau, Switzerland. In a scrimmage during the progress of a game at a village called Dussnang, in that canton, a boy received a serious injury. Thereupon the Common Council of Dussnang called a meeting of the Commune and the question of the continuation of football among the pupils of the public schools was voted upon the result having been in favor of the abolition of the game. The teachers were accordingly notified to prohibit further indulgence in "the dangerous sport."

## Forgiven.

BY R. F. O.

As she went by, Mrs. Roseleigh shot him a luminous glance from under the pink shadow of her parasol, and just touched the snowy tips of her fingers to her lips.

A moment before, Cecil Fane had vowed he would be fooled and beguiled by this woman no longer. Now, in an instant, all his good resolutions vanished.

He sprang to his feet, caught up the portfolio of drawings with which he had been pretending to occupy himself, and followed her, with a long, swinging stride that took him over the ground to her side, before the smile, which had succeeded the kiss on her mocking lips, had had time to die from them.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded, audaciously capturing the hand that had wafted the sweet salute, and holding it fast in his.

Ella Roseleigh laughed musically.

"Shall I tell you truly? I wanted to see if I could get you to tear yourself away from that drawing you appeared to be so busy on."

Mrs. Roseleigh pulled her hand away from him.

"Oh, of course!" she said, sarcastically.

"I believe you did," he persisted, looking down admiringly at the brilliant, laughing face upraised to his. "Come, Ella, what do you mean by playing fast and loose with me in this way? Don't you know I am engaged to a good, honest, true-hearted girl, worth a dozen of you?"

"Money value," said the widow, putting up a glittering, jewelled hand, and pretending to hide a yawn. "When are you going to be married?"

Cecil Fane bit his lip, and his brow clouded.

"Perhaps never!" he said, almost savagely.

"Really?" said Mrs. Roseligh. "I thought the marriage was a foregone conclusion."

"It would be, if it were not for you."

"For me?" arching her eyebrows. "What have I got to do with it?"

"Everything, and you know it!"

"Well, really—" she began, with a slightly-offended air.

But Cecil had stopped right there in the roadway, and caught her hand again in both his.

"Look here, now, Ella," he spoke swiftly and hotly, "you can't pretend to deny that you know, and have known for a long time, that I love you. You have tried your best to keep me from exactly telling you so, but you knew it all the same, and let things go on. Now, are you going to marry me or not?"

All the time that this torrent of words was being poured forth, Mrs. Roseleigh was struggling to disengage her hand, and glancing with frightened eyes in every direction.

"Good heavens!" she thought, "how excited the man was, and what if somebody should see them!"

"Mr. Fane," she said at last, angrily, "will you be kind enough to let go of my hand?"

He released it instantly, and Mrs. Roseleigh, with a haughty bow, turned and began to retrace her steps toward the hotel.

Cecil followed her quickly, his face very pale.

"Have I offended you?" he asked anxiously, as he gained her side again. "I beg you to forgive me."

The widow looked straight before her, an ominous glitter in the dark-blue eyes, her lips compressed. She did not speak.

"Have you been playing with me all this time?" Cecil asked, bitterly. "We shall be at the turning soon, and in full view of the hotel. Mrs. Roseleigh, will you not stop and talk with me a few moments? I should like to have this thing out now."

"How dare he speak that way to me?" Ella Roseleigh said to herself, trembling; but she did not dare to go on, for fear this impetuous fellow should do something rash in sight of people. She stood still, her head thrown back, her flashing eyes uplifted to his face.

"Well," she said.

"Have you been playing with me all this time? Answer me."

"I might with much better reason ask that question of you," she said, coldly. "You told me yourself that you were engaged to be married; you have often reminded me of it. How, then, could I dream of any harm coming to you from our acquaintance?"

"You do not love me then?"

"Do you suppose if I did, I would acknowledge it to a man who is promised to another woman?"

"But," Cecil explained, eagerly, "you know this is not like a common engagement. Isabel Stanley and I have only yielded a passive assent to an arrangement we had nothing to do with making. We have always considered ourselves engaged, it is true, and it is an understanding in the family that we shall marry. But not a word of love has ever passed between us."

Mrs. Roseleigh shrugged her graceful shoulders slightly.

"That has nothing to do with it, and does not at all lessen the impropriety of your speaking of love to any other woman, while you are the promised husband of Miss Stanley."

Cecil Fane did not speak for a moment. Standing there, with the setting sun for a background to his tall, handsome figure, he seemed to study the beautiful, chill face before him keenly. Then he said, quietly, and in a very different tone from his former one,—

"Shall we return to the hotel now, Mrs. Roseleigh?"

The widow bent her head, and they walked slowly back, in almost utter silence.

Once or twice Mrs. Roseleigh stole a look at her silent escort, and wondered to herself, "will he do it?"

But their eyes did not meet, and they parted at the porch, she to join some ladies who were chatting there, he to go to his room and dash off a letter to Isabel Stanley, in which he relinquished all claim to her hand, and surrendered all right and title to any share in the large property left the two by a deceased uncle, on condition of their marrying—the one who declined to fulfil the conditions to forfeit his or her share to the other.

He could not get an answer under three days, and resolved that he would not speak again to Mrs. Roseleigh till he had heard.

He spent the most of his time in his room, or in the country about, sketching, carefully avoiding the hotel people, lest he should meet Mrs. Roseleigh, which he felt he could not bear to do under present circumstances.

Let him once hear from Miss Stanley, and be able to say to his enchantress that he was free to woo her, and he would know how he stood with her.

The time went by very slowly. He did not once catch a glimpse of Mrs. Roseleigh. Perhaps she was avoiding him as much as he was her.

He was at the office when the letter came from Miss Stanley, and, going back to his room with it in his hand, found his mother there.

She had come in the same train that had brought his answer from Miss Stanley.

Mrs. Fane wore an an extraordinary air of excitement and anxiety.

"Have you heard from Isabel lately?" she asked, as soon as they had exchanged greetings.

"Yes," he answered, looking somewhat confused. "I have a letter here from her."

"Oh!" ejaculated his mother, with a look of relief. "Do you know a widow here of the name of Roseleigh—a very handsome woman?" was the next query.

"Yes," flushing.

"You do? What do you know of her? I do hope, Cecil, she had not succeeded in what she came here for—in entangling you in a flirtation with her?"

There was a look in her son's face that made Mrs. Fane go on, without waiting for him to reply.

"By the merest accident, I have heard, through a discharged maid of Miss Stanley's, that she and Mrs. Roseleigh, who are intimate friends, some time ago made an agreement that Mrs. Roseleigh should come here, get acquainted with you, and if she could not make you fall in love with her, so that you should be the one to decline to fulfil the conditions by which you and Isabel are to share your uncle's wealth."

Mrs. Fane paused.

Cecil had grown so white that he frightened her.

So that was the secret of the charming widow's interest in himself, he was thinking. There had always been something about her that puzzled him, but the puzzle had only increased the fascination she had for him. She was so different from other women. The thought of her now came over him like a spell.

"Have I come too late?" Mrs. Fane asked, in sudden alarm.

"To prevent my falling in love with Mrs. Roseligh? Yes. I wrote three days ago to Isabel, and this letter is her answer, accepting my renunciation of her and the property."

"Oh, Cecil!—and Mrs. Roseleigh has me good as nothing, only barely enough to keep her. How in the world she manages to go about in the style she does——"

"Don't mother! I don't care what she has or has not. She has made a fool of me, and that is what no man can stand."

"And you have really given up Isabel and all your uncle's money?"

"Oh, bother Isabel and my uncle's money! I don't want either. Excuse me, mother, but that is the truth."

That evening, Cecil Fane went down into the dining room for the first time since the night he had parted from Mrs. Roseleigh at the door of the hotel.

There, to his deep chagrin and amazement, he learned that the beautiful widow had gone away on the following morning, without telling any one of her destination.

"I should like to have seen her once more," he thought, bitterly, "just to let her know what I think of her."

Cecil Fane was an artist, and as such had achieved some success.

Some months after his parting from Mrs. Roseleigh, he was out on a sketching tour in the Lakes, and stopping for a few days at a house somewhat frequented by tourists.

As he stood at his window, watching the unloading of the coach which had stopped for dinner, he saw once more the beautiful face of the woman who had "made a fool of him," as he said to his mother.

Ella Roseleigh was just entering the house when she saw him, and a sudden pallor swept her face.

Hastily pulling her traveling veil over her face, she retraced her steps, and told the driver she would walk on, instead of having dinner, and he could pick her up on the road.

"Now, if he has not seen me, I am all right," she thought, as she hurried on.

Cecil, watching her from his window, pressed his lips close, and his dark eyes flashed.

"She shall not escape me this time," he said, clenching his teeth as he hastily quit the room, and ran lightly down the stairs.

"Coming to dinner, Fane?" called a friend, as he went through the hall.

Cecil muttered something and hurried on.

Mrs. Roseleigh, never dreaming that she was followed, did not once look round or pause till she reached the shelter of a cluster of trees some distance away, where she sank down upon the grass and loosened her hat.

"That was a narrow escape," she said, aloud. "I would not have met him for all Isabel Stanley's money."

Like an echo of her words, a low laugh sounded near.

Cecil had come up noiselessly on the soft turf, and had heard her.

Mrs. Roseleigh turned and saw him, and grew white again as she had at the hotel door.

She tried to rise, to speak, to smile in the old audacious way, but she could not, and, sinking back, buried her pallid face in her hands. Cecil could see that she was trembling. He was not prepared to find her like this. His breath came quick as he knelt down in the short grass beside her.

"I see you are aware that I know all," he said, a tremor in his voice despite the bold raillery of his words. "I am glad to find that you are ashamed of yourself, as you ought to be."

Mrs. Roseleigh's hands dropped from her face like a flash. Her cheeks reddened, her eyes shone with an angry light as she essayed once more to rise.

But, as another time—how well she remembered it!—Cecil caught her hands in a vice-like grasp. Besides, he was kneeling partly on her outspread dress. The situation was too absurd. Their eyes met; both laughed.

"You are as imperitient as ever," she said.

"And as determined," he answered. "Ella, that was a cruel trick you played me—you and Isabel. Are you ready now to make it right?"

"How?"

"You know."

She evaded his glance; but she could not keep back the beautiful rosy tide that flooded her face in spite of her, and made her ten times lovelier in her eyes than she had ever been.

"Ella, if you will promise to be my wife, I will forgive you everything."

"How do you know I want forgiving?"

"I know you need it."

"Well," after a pause, "I do want it. Wait a minute, Cecil."

He kissed her hands ecstatically for calling him that.

"I was dreadfully ashamed of that performance. That was the reason I ran away; but I got the worst of it. I believe I was more in love with you all the while, than you were with me."

When an article has been sold for 28 years, in spite of competition and cheap imitations, it must have superior quality. Dobbins' Electric Soap has been constantly made and sold since 1865. Ask your grocer for it. Best of all.

## At Home and Abroad.

Birmingham, England, has opened in its suburbs a municipal public house on the Gothenburg plan. The liquors and beers are bought by the corporation, and retailed by the manager, who receives a salary and has no interest in the amount sold. The morning limit to any one man's consumption is one quart of beer, while the evening limit is two quarts. Although the Gothenburg system has not yet been widely adopted, still it seems by far the most practical and rational method of dealing with the evil of intemperance.

In St Paul's one day, a London guide was showing an American gentleman round the tombs. "That, sir," said the man, "his the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the whole world ever knew—Lord Nelson's. This marble sarcoughogus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket 'ermetically sealed, weighing two tons. Hinside that his a mahogany coffin 'olding the hashes of the great 'ero." "Well," said the Yankee, after thinking awhile. "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, telegraph me at my expense."

It is said that there is some talk in the War Department of abandoning the system of collecting information abroad through the medium of the military attaches at the United States legations. Although much of the information thus gathered must necessarily remain in the secret archives of the department, it has, nevertheless, been of great value. The enemies of the system claim that the cost of traveling incurred by the attaches is more than the information is worth. It seems probable, however, that Secretary Lamont will not recall these officers, inasmuch as some of them have furnished material which is constantly drawn upon by officers in their military work here at home.

To the surprise of everybody—undoubtedly themselves included—the Navy Department inspectors who have been making an investigation with a view to obtaining a practical substitute for wood in the fitting of the vessels of the new navy have ended by recommending wood. They have not, however, simply described a circle. The wood which they recommend is of a most remarkable sort. Its sap has been extracted in vacuum, and a new composition forced into the pores under pressure. The wood is thus rendered absolutely non-inflammable. This invention gives promise of becoming as valuable an innovation in general building material as in the construction of war ships and merchant marine. It will, perhaps, solve some of the most serious fire insurance problems of the day, and mark a new era in the science of non-combustibility.

House-building in Siam is not a costly nor a long operation. The greatest difficulty is to find a site free from the visits of sirens, ogres, giants, and the many other visitants which have their existence in the superstition of the Siamese. A soothsayer having chosen a suitable spot, he searches carefully for any stones that may be in the earth. Should he find any, it is a sign that great misfortune will fall upon the occupiers of any house built upon the ground. When he has declared the site in every way felicitous, the family who wish to build the house, gather together the necessary materials, then invite all their relatives and friends. On the day fixed, all these arrive in a crowd, armed with picks, bill-hooks, knives, hatchets, and saws. Some dig the holes in which to place the supports, others cleave the bamboo, or prepare the wood work. Before night the light habitation is completed, but everything is uneven, notably the steps, the windows, and the doors. The columns are ornamented with red and white rags, which are supposed to bring happiness; the unevenness of doors and windows is supposed to avert the coming of evil spirits.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sold by Druggists.

# Our Young Folks.

## FLO'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

It was settled that Rhoda should spend her birthday at Aunt Kisba's, and almost every day for a whole month after words

[illegible] London girl. She had [illegible] sisters and sisters, and—worse still—no mother. She had a father, who loved her very much, you see, he was not quite the same as a mother would have been. [illegible] had not so much time for petting because he was a doctor, and had to work very hard making people—big and little—well.

So you will understand how delighted Rhoda was at the idea of going to Aunt Kisba's and playing with her cousin Gilbert. Uncle Robert, who was Aunt Kisba's husband, was a farmer.

There were so many delightful things to do and to see in the country. Every time Rhoda went on a visit Gilbert had some thing fresh to show her. Sometimes it was a brood of young chickens, so funny waddling about; once it had been twelve little pigs, all black and with the [illegible] curly tails.

She was to go to Aunt Kisba's the night before her birthday, and her father, who had some work that had to hurry back to London early that morning, because, although it was Rhoda's birthday, people kept getting ill just the same, and had to be doctored and cured all the same, they were better.

After breakfast the children went into the pantry, and there they saw a lovely cake in pink and white sugar outside. Aunt Kisba had made it herself, Gilbert said. There was to be a children's tea party that afternoon, all in honor of Rhoda.

"Is that for me?" said Gilbert, staring at it. "Oh, how it's getting bigger and bigger! I say, don't you wish it was tea time now? Look here, Rhoda, if you don't like sugar, I'll eat it for you!"

"But I like sugar," cried Rhoda; "of course I do, the best part. I always pick it off, and save it till the very last."

"Let's go and see if they're haymaking in the big meadow," said Gilbert. His mouth dropped a little. *He was not a greedy boy;* but sugar icing! If Rhoda hadn't happened to like it too then he would have eaten it for her.

"But you must show your cousin Flo's birthday present first," Aunt Kisba said, bustling out into the pantry, with a bowl of brown eggs in her hand.

"Flo's birthday present!" Rhoda began to laugh. "Why, auntie, what do you mean?

"You'll see," Aunt Kisba smiled and nodded.

"Yes, you'll see," cried Gilbert, dragging at Rhoda's frock, and dancing with excitement on the red brick floor. "I forgot about you, Rhoda. Come on!"

It was a delightful doggie, and a very great pet of Gilbert's. She was quite devoted to her little master.

"And this is her birthday present," Gilbert brought out of the basket four dear little puppies.

"A real darling!" Let me nurse them," Rhoda begged, on her knees.

"Put them in this, miss," Cook, who was in the kitchen, pinned a pink apron in front of her. "You don't want to make your pretty clothes untidy before tea-time."

So the puppies were lifted very gently into the pink apron, where they sprawled and squeaked uneasily; and Flo, poor thing, watched the children with anxious brown eyes, afraid that they were going to take her little ones.

"Father says you may have one to take back to London," said Gilbert.

"How nice!" Rhoda's eyes danced, and in her excitement she shook up the poor puppies in the pink pinafore, and made their mother even more concerned.

"Can we not give them some milk to drink, cook, please, now," she went on eagerly, "mayn't we?"

So they had a shallow bowl with milk, and the puppies, after much persuasion, had breakfast, and were put in the basket with Flo, who was glad to get them back safe and sound.

Rhoda said, when she and Gilbert were in the hayfield, "I don't like grown-up boys, or cats, or chickens, or people, do you? Little people and things are prettier and nicer. I never had such fun as the [illegible] boys never play with their balls. Big pigs ugh!"—here she turned up her nose—"but those little squeaking boy ones you showed me last time—such dears!"

"Mother's nice," said Gilbert, remembering, perhaps, the seed cake.

"Yes; but my governess is an ugly old thing!" said Rhoda naughtily. "Oh! Gilly," she went on, "what a pity that my puppy—I'd like the one with the all white ears, may I?—will grow up."

"It's hot here," said Gilbert, who could never stay still long. "Shall we go down to the river?"

He jumped from the haycock on which they had thrown themselves, and Rhoda, who always followed his lead, jumped up too.

"What pretty bulrushes!" she cried, as they went along the banks. "I o get me some."

"What for?"

"To take back to my governess—she's nice sometimes, you know. She puts them in the drawing-room. They look so pretty, but they burst. The last did. She wants some new ones."

"There's another pond across the meadows through a copse—I know the way—with better rushes than these," said the boy; "but they are not ripe for picking yet. By the time you go home——"

"I want them now, please," coaxed Rhoda.

"Then come on."

They went on—over hot fields, through the shade of the wood, then more fields, and a stretch of dusty road.

"Are we nearly there?"

"I think this is the way." Gilbert spoke as though he were not quite sure.

"I'm hungry," said Rhoda; "and my shoes!—look! Oh, how mad Miss Spriggs would be! Gilbert, isn't it a good thing that auntie made me take off my white frock with embroidery?"

"There they are!" shouted Gilbert. He cared nothing for embroidery, and started to run.

Rhoda ran too. They both saw the pond and the tall green rushes, with heaps of brown bulrushes—such beauties!

If only she could take some home, Rhoda felt that Miss Spriggs would never have the heart to be angry when sums would not prove and needles refused to set small stitches.

But the bulrushes—it is a provoking way they have—were out of reach.

"You can step across those stones," said Rhoda *from the edge of the* pond; "it's quite easy." But she was very frightened when presently she saw her cousin sink knee deep in mud and tangled rushes.

When she went to help him out, she found it was not quite easy.

They were both shivering and thoroughly wretched when at last they got out—without the rushes!

Gilbert forgot the way back. Was it over this stile, or through that gate?

Rhoda shook her head. "In London, all the streets have names," she said.

"It's tea time," Gilbert declared gloomily, when they had wandered about for a long time. "Do you think they'll cut that cake?"

They were really undecided about the matter, for all the guests had come—so pretty and well-behaved, in best clothes and manners.

"Where can the children be?" cried Aunt Kisba, half annoyed and half anxious. "Go, Flo, good dog, and find Gilbert."

And Flo, first making the puppies comfortable, went and found her little master.

"I'll never say any more that grown-up people and things are ugly and no good," Rhoda said when the birthday party, which was a great success, was over.

"Grown-ups are useful sometimes, you see." Aunt Kisba laughed and kissed her little niece. "But for Flo, your birthday would have been spoiled."

PARENTAL DUTIES.—On the whole parental duties are perhaps the most neglected of all those which bind life together, and the simple neglect of which tangles the threads of existence, and makes the world the wilderness it is. Were we to search for bad fathers and foolish mothers, we should not go far before our following would be great. The wisest and the most stupid alike fail in this respect; and yet it is a test of men—this parenthood.

A child is a wonderful gift. The first question with many is to know what to do with it. Everywhere—except in extra luxurious and wickedly-rich communities—children are welcome, and a marriage is seldom happy without them; but, welcome or not, they are a prime necessity of nature; and the world exists with its own fecund and ever productive power a great deal more for babies than it does for rich princes, millionaire merchants, or sceptical and worn-out philosophers. And this is the way to look at it. It may perhaps astonish a gray-headed statesman to think that a baby born in a garret is of deeper value than he; but that its soul is of equal worth, and that its work in the world may be more permanent, there can be little doubt; and there can be none but that the coming generation is even of more importance than that which possesses the earth and with the autumn of the year is passing away.

How then are we to make this future generation worthier than the present?

Mothers should especially learn that goodness and industry are, certainly with children, happiness. Employ them early in little matters. Children wish to be active; cultivate and direct that activity. Be neither too lavish nor too chary of praise: show your pleasure by a look; be quick to notice. Even if your income be two thousand a year, make your daughter as she grows up, work as well as learn. Activity of body means health, inactivity disease. Moreover, we are not likely to sin by over-knowledge; parents will, or should be, careful to elicit intelligence from their children. Let them early, if possible, learn their own position, and their duty towards others.

This world is a world of trial, and is very admirably ordered, as they say, for it. As the Greek epigram has it, "God's mills move slowly, but He grinds every one of us at last exceedingly small." The beautiful illusion of youth must not be spoilt, but youth itself need not believe that a path of roses is the path of duty, and that every hero is crowned and every clever man makes a large fortune. The brighter the hope, the darker the disappointments. Men who wish their children to be good and strong will take care to avoid this.

When the children come into the father's hands—a charming time for a good man who knows his duty, and who loves to direct clear and true young souls—his chief aim should be to inculcate truth and industry. He must not expect, much as a parent's love may desire it, to find his children angels. He may find some extraordinary vices and faults even in well-brought-up and well-taught children.

They are probably "hereditarysms"—on which subject some years ago we wrote an essay. These will break out. We now know a child aged nine who has a mania for running away from home. This child has been fondly treated and severely and properly dealt with, but is not yet cured. Lying is another habit, often at the beginning merely exercise of a strong imagination and wholly harmless. If not noticed, nor allowed to excite wonder or applause or bursts of passionate anger, this will die down. What such a child wants is to excite attention. We must remember that every child wishes naturally to play the hero, just as a man does. The great secret is to teach him now to play it properly. Others have secretive and other vicious habits, but these are the exception. The greater number of boys and girls are turned out fairly sound and honest, and fit to carry on this work-a-day world.

Let the father and mother be familiar and true with their boys and girls, but by no means foolishly intimate. Depend upon it the commandment to "honor thy father and thy mother" is a most important one, and has not yet passed away, in spite of the French Revolution; but to get this honor, which children love to pay, the parents must deserve it. If they are liars and hypocrites, the children will be first to find them out. And such parents must not blame the children. The little people are only too ready to praise their dog and brag of their doll; and do we think that that small passion does not extend to their father and mother? A child's ideal should be always one of its parents.

FAITH.—Doctor John Brown of Edinburgh once ordered a laboring man some medicine, and, giving him the prescription, said, "Take that, and come back in a fortnight, when you will be well." As he returned at this time hearty and well, free from the discomfort of which he had complained, and with a clean tongue and a happy face, Doctor Brown was very proud of the wonders his prescription had effected, and said, "Let me see what I gave you." "Oh," answered the man, "I took it!" "Yes, I know you did. But where is the prescription?" "I swallowed it." He had made pills of the paper, his firm faith in the doctor's promise had done the rest.

Whiskers that are prematurely gray or faded should be colored to prevent the look of age, and Buckingham's Dye excels all others in coloring brown or black.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The coal production of the world last year was 553,700,000 tons.

The cordage on a first-class man-of-war costs about $15,000.

A popular blotting pad is made of stone found around the thermal springs of the West.

Sweden has a deaf and dumb corps of the Salvation Army. Four meetings are held weekly.

A pneumatic tube is to be placed on Brooklyn Bridge to expedite mail communication between the two cities.

A professional trainer says that most men and women get fat because they eat late at night just before going to bed.

A pocket knife that opens with the pressure of a button is a new device, saving the finger nails from being broken.

As an illustration of the vitality of the old Welsh language it is shown that it is still spoken by 51 per cent. of the population of Wales.

The great Hamburg, Germany, grape vine, which was planted in the year 1771, and is now extensive in circumstance, is the largest in the world.

A Chinese custom is the throwing into the ocean of thousands of pieces of paper when friends are about to sail. Each piece bears a written or printed prayer.

Ireland sent out 35,959 emigrants in 1899, 1,287 less than the year before. It is the smallest number since 1851, when the statistics of emigration were first collected.

We are likely to have bicycle Derbys, bicycle St. Legers and bicycle Suburbans before long. The wheel is supplanting the horse everywhere, and bicycle race tracks abound.

In support of the Welsh disestablishment scheme it is stated that in some localities the Established Church has parishes without a congregation. In one parish there is a congregation of two.

It is reported of a shipowner, who read of his vessel being reported, that he took the latitude and longitude in which the vessel was said to have been seen, and found she was in the middle of the Desert of Sahara.

On the Royal Exchange, London, the chimes have played the same tune for 50 years. They recently broke down, and new chimes have been put up, which will play 21 tunes during the week, three times a day.

During the 12 years the Brooklyn bridge has been opened to the public it has been crossed by about 300,000,000 people, or an average of 50,000,000 a year. The total earnings from traffic have been more than $11,000,000.

French soldiers having of late given up singing while route-marching, General Pollioue de Saint-Mars, who commands the Twelfth Army Corps, has endeavored to revive the practice of enlivening long roads by vocal music.

Persian cheese, called in the native tongue "panir," is nothing more than the raw curd. After being taken from the vessel in which the process of curding has been carried on, it is hung up in a cloth for three or four days to drain, and when taken down is in its marketable state.

It is said that heat holidays have been established by law in the public schools of Switzerland. Recognizing the well-known fact that the brain cannot work properly when the heat is excessive, the children are dismissed from their tasks whenever the thermometer goes above a certain point.

It is said that the largest raft ever floated down the Mississippi River is now on the way to St. Louis. It consists, with its load, of over 7,000,000 feet of lumber, mostly white pine. If carried by rail this lumber would make nearly 600 carloads. Allowing 40 feet to the car, the train would be over four and a half miles long.

Siberia has a temperance society whose members are strict teetotalers every day in the year but one. On the first day of September each year the members assemble, and pledge themselves to drink no wine, beer or spirits "from the morrow" for a whole year. After the vow has been taken the remainder of the day is given up to drunken carnival, and at midnight the year of model sobriety is begun.

A Baltimore barber has set up a music-box in his shop, the tunes of which he turns on to suit the trend of his trade. By regulating the airs by the flow of customers he thinks he gets unusually good work out of his assistants. When business is light he runs out steady old ballads, and when it is brisk—as on Saturday nights for instance—the music box keeps the razors dying to the time of jigs, reels and quick-steps.

It is reported that the "White City" with all its architectural detail and landscape beauty is to be reproduced in miniature. Work on the model has been carried on for the past eighteen months, and already nearly $50,000 has been expended for materials and expert labor. The prismatic fountains and all the electrical effects will be exactly reproduced. The work is 65 by 52 feet, and it is the intention of the Miniature World's Fair Exhibition Company to show the model in this country until 1900, when it will be taken abroad and exhibited at the Paris Exposition.

### BY THE SEA.

BY J. M.

Behind were the meadows green,
And before the great broad sea,
And a golden light lay o'er them all,
And round my love and me;
My love, with the auburn hair,
And the large and lustrous eyes,
Wherein, when I peer, it seems to me
A heaven of meaning lies.

Dreamily murmur'd the waves
To the rocks beneath our feet,
And my love sang a song to the sea
With a voice so low and sweet.
And thus, soul-steep'd in beauty,
And soothed by a tender lay,
I only felt that my heart was glad
By the summer sea that day.

### THE TARANTULA.

The Tarantula is a large burrowing spider which dwells in a shaft-like hole it sinks in the earth. Its appearance is most repulsive, and inspires any one who examines it with a feeling of profound disgust. As it stands, it frequently covers an area as large as the palm of a man's hand; and over its body and legs there bristles a thick covering of red-brown hair. It may be said that its home is in many lands; but its greatest size is attained in tropical and semi-tropical countries.

It is in the tropical countries of South America, however, where all forms of insect and vegetable attain their highest development, that this great spider is most deadly. And farther north, in the provinces of Mexico, where it is quite as numerous, its poison is only a slight degree less dangerous. There we have met it everywhere, and studied its habits. In the orange orchards, the vineyard, and the open prairies, we have watched it attack enemies many times its own size, and marvelled at the ease with which it overcame them. Even its own kind are not exempt from its fierce onslaught, and we remember once seeing a pair of them meet on the upturned root of a fig-tree and fight a duel to death—the death of both.

Of man it seems to have no fear whatever, and will attack without hesitation either his hand or foot, if they come within striking distance. In doing so, it stands upon its four hind-legs. It opens wide its enormous fangs until the mandibles protrude in a straight line from its face, then, with all the muscular force it is capable of, launches itself forward, sinking them, with a vicious thrust, deep into the flesh of its enemy.

Yet, notwithstanding all its great courage and pugnacity, there is one enemy the sound of whose coming throws it into paroxysms of fear. This enemy, of which it has such an instinctive dread, is a large wasp, known as the "Tarantula-killer." It has a bright blue body, nearly two inches long, and wings of a golden hue. As it flies here and there in the sunlight, glittering like a flash of fire, one moment resting on a leaf, the next on a granite boulder, it keeps up an incessant buzzing, which is caused by the vibration of its wings.

No sooner does the tarantula hear this than he trembles with fear, for well he knows the fate in store for him when once his mortal foe perceives his whereabouts.

This it soon does, and hastens to the attack. At first, it is content with flying in circles over its intended victim. Gradually it approaches nearer and nearer. At last, when it is within a few inches, the tarantula rises upon his hind-legs and attempts to grapple with the foe, but without success. Like a flash, the giant wasp is on its back. The deadly fangs have been avoided. The next instant a fearful sting penetrates deep into the spider's body. Its struggles almost cease. A sudden paralysis creeps over it, and it staggers, helpless like a drunken man, first to one side, then to the other.

These symptoms, however, are only of short duration. While they last, the wasp, but a few inches away, awaits the result; nor does it have to wait long. A few seconds, and all sign of life has disappeared from the tarantula; the once powerful legs curl up beneath its body, and it rolls over dead.

Then takes place one of those strange incidents which illustrate the perfect adaptation to circumstances, everywhere so remarkable in the economy of the insect world. The wasp seizes hold of the now prostrate spider, and with little apparent effort, drags it to a hole in the ground.

Therein it completely buries it with earth, after having first deposited in its back an egg, which in course of time changes into a grub, and lives upon the carcass in which it was born. This grub in a short while becomes another tarantula wasp, thus adding one more curse to the ranks of the spider race.

The amount of slaughter which these large wasps inflict upon the tarantulas is almost incredible, and it is noticed that those to which the greatest destruction is due are the females. It can only be realized when it is known that though the female deposits but one egg in each spider, she has a large number to get rid of, each one of which she provides with a home, and its grub with future sustenance at the expense of the life of a spider.

From the powerful character of the tarantula wasp's sting, it may be inferred that they are dangerous to human beings. But this is not so. It never annoys them unless teased. Without a doubt, it is man's friend, not his enemy, and much would dwellers in Mexico regret its absence were it destroyed.

Though much is known of and has been written about the dreaded tarantula itself, but little is ever heard of the tarantula wasp. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, when we notice on all sides how frequently an injury or damage is remembered, but how easily forgotten is a service or kindness, whether they be due to our little friends of the insect world, or to those we have in the greater world around us.

IN ORDER TO GET MARRIED.—In France the Code Napoleon is still in force, and a marriage, to be legal, must have not only the consent of both contracting parties, but of their fathers and mothers on both sides; failing that, of their grandfathers and grandmothers, or, if there be none of these relatives, of the oldest members of the families to which both belong. If consent is refused, the man being twenty-five, the woman twenty-one, they institute proceedings—by going to law with all their kin to compel them to show cause why the marriage should not take place.

## Grains of Gold.

Those who can command themselves command others.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm.

If there is a virtue in the world we should aim at its cheerfulness.

The biggest hero is the one who is scared the most and runs the least.

Our dissatisfaction of any other solution is the blazing evidence of immortality.

Though flattery blossoms like friendship, yet there is a great difference in the fruit.

Cunning leads to knavery. It is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery.

The two best rules for a system of rhetoric are, first, have something to say, and next, say it.

A course of conduct that has to be defended to the conscience, may always be set down as wrong.

It is not in the power of a good man to refuse making another happy, where he has both ability and opportunity.

Whatsoever career you embrace, propose to yourself an elevated aim and put in its service an unaltered constancy.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high: a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.

Make your most simple act complete, do your most common daily duty, from its divinest motives, and what a change will come.

It is, after all, the person who stakes the least, who loses most. In the affections this is wholly true. He who risks nothing, loses everything.

## Femininities.

Blonde hair is the finest and red the coarsest.

A doctor reckons that an average woman will shed a barrel of tears in forty years.

Russia has five female astronomers who have submitted papers to the Academy of Science.

Greek ladies are said to have had one hundred and thirty-seven different styles of dressing the hair.

A man recently died in Lyons from cancer of the nose, caused by the great pressure of eye glasses.

The Sultan, by an irade, has sanctioned the studying of medicine and surgery in France by young Turkish ladies.

"Wifey, dear, the eggs are not exactly fresh!" "How can you talk like that, hubby? The cook fetched them from the shop only a quarter of an hour ago."

Maud: "How is your friend Miss Flaunter now?" Ethel: "She is no friend of mine. I'm not on speaking terms with her now; we only kiss when we meet."

Among Frenchmen, hanging is the favorite method of suicide; among women, drowning. In all countries women seldom use firearms when committing suicide.

He: "You may not believe me, Laura, dear, but I assure you I have never loved before." She: "Oh, I do believe you, Fred; I noticed it the first time you kissed me."

Fond mamma: "What! Quarreling already and only married a week!" Bride: "Well—boo-hoo—George says I—boo-hoo—make him happier than he—boo-hoo—makes me!"

There is a society in China called the "Heavenly Foot Society," the members of which are pledged not to marry any woman whose foot has been cramped of its natural growth.

"The trouble with too many women," says the cornfed philosopher, "is that they regard the marriage ceremony mainly as a license to eat onions and wear ill-fitting clothes."

"You can always guess a woman's age if she'll give you three guesses," remarked Sinnick. "I don't believe it." "It is true, though. It's bound to be sixteen, twenty-six or sixty."

Little girls are employed driving mules on the Delaware and Hudson Canal. Who knows but the first woman President of the United States may be a towpath President like James A. Garfield!

"It is strange what a time we have with cooks, dear," said Mr. Inniscups. "Dawson was telling me to-day that they've had theirs for ten years." "Yes, dear; and did he tell you who she was?" "No. Who?" "His wife."

Miss Adele M. Field says mothers in China often turn their girl babies over to the hucksters, who hawk them about the streets in a basket, selling them for about the price of a spring chicken. Mothers of infant sons buy these girl babies and rear them as future daughters-in-law.

Eight ladies hold the rank of Colonel in the German army. They are the Empress Frederick, Queen Victoria, the Princess Albert, wife of the Regent of Brunswick; the Princess Frederick Charles, the Empress of Germany, the Duchess of Connaught and the Queen Regent of Holland and the Queen of Holland.

Women are certainly driving men from many occupations. In the town of Fieberbrunn, near Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, not long since, there was a wrestling match for women. Six representatives of the fairer sex showed their strength and agility before four hundred spectators, who cheered the victors lustily.

When the train made its first stop after leaving home, Mr. Simkins, who had been in a brown study for several minutes raised his eyes, which had a troubled look in them, and remarked: "My dear, are you sure we haven't forgotten anything?" "Of course we haven't," responded the good lady, cheerfully. "I would have thought of it the minute the train started."

The dear old idyllic refrain of courtship, "Love me, love my dog," which so many belles have sung to their beaux, will no longer cast its shadow beyond the honeymoon. By a ruthless decision of the New York Common Pleas Court husbands are now empowered, once in possession of their wives' canine pets, to sell them or to give them away. The picturesque pug must now make the most of the days of their mistresses' single blessedness. After matrimony the song may run, "Hubby won't leave me have my bow-wow!"

An enterprising woman of the West is doing a thriving business by traveling for a St. Louis vinegar manufactory. Her success, however, is largely attributable to her adoption of advanced ideas. She covers her territory on a wheel, clad in stunning Parisian bloomers. She sends ahead to her next stopping place postal cards announcing that she "will wheel into town in about a week," and asking local dealers to save their orders for her. She is creating a decided sensation in the North-west, and is, by so doing, turning in an exceedingly large number of orders to her employers.

## Masculinities.

In Paris recently a barber shaved a man in a cage with a lion to win a wager.

A man may be very blunt and yet be sharp enough to cut an undesirable acquaintance.

A French-Canadian has had to pay a fine of $80 for calling a brother editor a Methodist.

One hug, says a cautious suitor, is worth a dozen love letters, and it cannot be introduced in a breach-of-promise suit.

John Datesman, who died at West Milton, Pa., recently, at the age of 85 years, was postmaster of the town for 58 consecutive years.

The smallest man in Chicago is George William Steele, a negro "newsboy," 20 years of age. George is 42 inches in height and weighs 50 pounds.

Never hold anyone by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.

For a wager of $50 Harry A. Harmon dived backward off a high building into the Chicago river, turning a somersault as he fell. He struck the water with his feet and was uninjured.

Herr Wilhelm Pentzel, of Frankfort-on-the Main, Germany, who died recently in Port Said, left 15 000 marks, almost $4000, to the waiters in a restaurant where he was accustomed to take his meals. He was a man of wealth.

A French Judge, before whom a divorce case was recently tried, complicated matters seriously by handing down a decree divorcing the lawyer who appeared for the man who had asked for a divorce instead of the man himself.

Few couples have journeyed through life so long together as did Mr a d Mrs. Kistner, of Highland Prairie, Washington. The husband died recently at the authenticated age of 118 years and the wife is still hale and hearty in her 103d year.

J. J. Haley, of Rhode Island has just bought from the United States Government an island in Lake Worth, Fla. He paid 37 cents for it, and $5 for the entry fee. He makes $80 a month by sitting on the island and catching green turtles as they pass.

John Weston, 70 years old, of Sharon, Pa., some days ago stopped to drink from a watering trough and his feet slipped in the mud. He plunged head foremost into the trough, and his head became so tightly fastened that he was drowned before he could be rescued.

Portland, Me., has good reason for pointing with pride to her two venerable ex-Mayors, Hon. W. W. Thomas, Sr., aged 91 years and 7 months, and Hon. Neal Dow, aged 91 years and 3 months, each of whom can stand the strain as well as most men 30 years their junior.

Among the rare clocks exhibited at the London Aquarium is one built by a pious Scotchman a century and a half ago. To guard against breaking the Sabbath; he so constructed it that at midnight on Saturday it stopped dead, and never so much as ticked until Monday morning.

The most extensive part of the Kaiser's wardrobe is composed of his naval and military uniforms, of which he has 128. In addition to these he possesses numerous gold uniforms and the regalia of various high orders, together with enough civilian's suits to make the fortune of the tailor who constructed them.

For once in his career the incorruptible Alderman from the Steenth ward lost his temper. "I can lick you!" he roared, "with one hand tied behind me!" "You can fight better with one hand behind you," vociferated the high minded Alderman from the Umpty-second ward, "than you can any other way. It's your customary position, b'gosh!"

A man in Washington, who has for years made a practice of gathering personal anecdotes of veterans of the war, both of the Northern and Southern services, once asked a friend, who had fought all through the war, if he had ever killed a man that he positively knew of. "Yes," said he remorsefully, "one. At Bull Run I ran at the first fire. A rebel chased me ten miles, and was then so exhausted that he dropped dead."

Dr. Samuel Hopper, of Bound Brook, N. J., has a cat that is the talk of the town. It is a large tiger marked Tom, of a pugnacious disposition and very Bohemian habits, and the Doctor has taught it to hold firecrackers in its teeth while they are exploded. He says it took considerable patience to accomplish this result, but that now that the cat has become accustomed to the noise, it comes and begs for firecrackers every evening.

A physician in France recently secured some effective publicity without making himself amenable to the medical rule forbidding advertising. He hired a man to announce throughout the town that he had lost a valuable dog, and that any one returning it would receive a reward of 1000 francs. The lost dog was only a figment of his imagination; but the public didn't know that, and, arguing that he must be a skilful physician to have so much money, patients flocked to his office.

## Latest Fashion Phases.

Sea bathing sounds very alluring and conjures up all sorts of pleasant visions of the real delights of summer and the subject for bathing suits promptly presents itself for consideration. These gowns require less cloth, decoration and attention as to fit than any other costume on the list, so they are suggestive simply of comfort and use. Yet, with all the restrictions as to cut and material, and the limited needs to be supplied, the variety of bathing suits produced for inspection is certainly a humble tribute to human ingenuity.

The most popular materials this seasons are serges in various bright and subdued colors, checked and spotted flannels, which were never prettier than they are now, mohair in white, black and colors, and cravanette, a kind of waterproof serge, very fine in weave. The prevailing style of make is a blouse waist, balloon sleeves, short skirt to the knee, and full trousers, banded in at the knee, made of the same material as the skirt. An especially pretty suit is of brown serge trimmed with pale blue braid, and made with a square yoke and rounded turndown collar. White and black alpaca suits are made in this style, with white braid on the black and black braid on the white.

So far as the distinctive details of fashion for dress gowns can be utilized in these simple suits, it is done with great effect. Wide revers-shaped collars are a noteworthy addition to the simple blouse waists, while others have a bodice of some color in decided contrast with the skirt, like red with white, and are made with lace trimmed yokes. The wide collars are very pretty, faced with a bright color. Pale green cravanette makes an extremely pretty suit, faced and trimmed with white. Pale blue is used for another, which is trimmed with white open-work embroidery. The blouse is ornamented with a godet basque and collar, both decorated with embroidery, and the balloon sleeves are draped and caught up with a bow. White cloth, striped with bands of blue, is another fancy, and this has sleeves of plain blue. Some of the trousers show quite a little below the skirt, and others are barely visible, and four yards of material fifty inches wide will make the full suit.

A novel out of town toilette illustrates one of the latest Parisian models, and also shows the tendency toward a sloping shoulder effect. It is composed of beige silk, black silk muslin, and figured glace silk, with garniture of cream colored lace. The very wide bell-shaped skirt falls in full fluted folds, and is made of the beige silk trimmed with three bands of the lace, which are arranged obliquely on the sides of the skirt, the upper bands meeting in a point at the centre of the front. It is stiffened with hair cloth and lined throughout with silk, but is finished without a balayeuse.

The back of the bodice is of the plain silk, arranged with fulness at the neck and waist. The front is a full blouse of the black silk muslin, confined by a deep corslet of beige silk, adorned with a double row of buttons. The front is also embellished by four bands of beige silk, tipped with plaitings of the black mousseline de soie and garnished with embroidery. The very full gigot sleeves of glace silk are plaited on the shoulder to simulate the 1830 sleeve. The neck is finished by a collar-band and cravat tow of white gauze.

The capote of black straw is adorned with full blown tea roses and an aigrette knot of black satin. White kid gloves and a sunshade of silk muslin complete the toilette.

At the French summer resorts one sees much muslin and linen striped with insertions and ornamented with little ruches of satin, to correspond with the satin sleeves to the elbow. A white gown with rose satin sleeves and ruches, and a number of green velvet bows, produces a style which is true Watteau.

Less elegant, but also popular, are the blouses and crepon skirts; a blouse of white taffeta with ruffles of black and rose gauze and flounces of black chantilly, is very effective. Green taffeta embroidered in gold is very becoming to blondes, while brunettes prefer cerise trimmed with point de Venise. A charming gown is in white taffeta with red roses, the red corsage garnished with point d'Alencon, studded with Oriental pearls.

The black corsage retains its popularity. It is adorned by epaulettes of heavy guipure, the latter studded with cabochons of turquoise, while the sleeves are black and unadorned. Such a corsage is suitable alike for the young girl and elderly woman.

A charming toilette for an elderly lady is made in myrtle green crepon, the bottom of the skirt adorned by a border of black moire, with insertions of guipure and emerald cabochons. The corsage is of black moire, with black sleeves, while the empiecement and deep cuffs are of guipure with cabochons. The chapeau is of black straw, trimmed with a bunch of anemone and foliage, veiled by draperies of black tulle.

Very novel is a gown with skirt of white India muslin, ornamented by narrow plaits, which are separated by rolls of velvet placed in groups of three, rose, green and black.

The corsage is of black satin, with garniture of Mechlin lace laid over rose velvet, and the large bretelles are of green velvet. The hat is of rice straw, a la mode Louis XVI, adorned with ruches of velvet in the three tones and with large black plumes.

A costume in white cloth, with chemisette of white mousseline de soie, ornate with white ribbons and point lace, and revers of cream satin, is very dainty. Another white gown has a large plaited skirt of crepe de Chine. The corsage and sleeves are in white peau de soie, with bouquets of anemone held by bows of white silk. A white bengaline has the skirt, sleeves and corsage striped crosswise with narrow white satin ribbon.

Ivory-white faille, pekin striped with pale blue, is the material chosen for the skirt of a very chic Parisian toilette. The skirt is in godet shape and without adornment.

The blouse corsage has crossed draperies of pale blue mousseline de soie, forming plaited bretelles and a low, open front over a vest of guipure. The 1830 sleeves are also of the silk muslin, shirred at the shoulder and elbow. Full side basques of the guipure are very short on the hips, but slope downwards toward the front and back. The plain blue collar band has a jeweled czarina at the front and frills of lace at the sides. Rosettes of blue silk finish the braces, and a belt of the same encircles the waist.

The sleeves are met by white kid gloves, and the hat of rice straw is trimmed with pale blue mousseline de soie, black aigrettes and an upright flounce of ivory faille, embroidered with paillettes.

### Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

To Destroy Flies in a Room.—Take half a teaspoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one tablespoonful of cream; mix them well together and place them in a room on a plate, where the flies are troublesome and they will soon disappear.

Preserving Eggs.—The following mixture was patented several years ago by an Englishman. He alleged that by means of it he could keep eggs two years. A part of his composition is often made use of—perhaps the whole of it would be better. Put into a tub or vessel one bushel of quick lime, two pounds of salt, half a pound of cream of tartar, and mix the same together, with as much water as will reduce the composition, or mixture to that consistence that it will cause an egg put into it to swim its top just above the liquid. Then put and keep the eggs therein.

French Polish for Boots and Shoes—Mix together two pints of the best vinegar and one pint of water, stir into it a quarter of a pound of glue, broken up, half a pound of logwood chips, a quarter of an ounce of finely powdered indigo, a quarter of an ounce of the best soft soap and a quarter of an ounce of isinglass. Put the mixture over the fire and let it boil ten or fifteen minutes. Then strain the liquid, and bottle and cork it. When cold it is fit for use. The polish should be applied with a clean sponge.

Stains in Black Crape.—When a drop of water falls on a black crape, it leaves a conspicuous white mark. To obliterate this, spread the crape on a table (laying it on a large book or paper to keep it steady), and place underneath the stain a piece of old black silk. With a large camel's hair brush, dipped in common ink, go over the stain, and then wipe off the ink with a small piece of old soft silk. It will dry immediately, and the white mark will be seen no more.

Pains from Walking.—If your feet become painful from walking or standing too long, put them into warm salt and water mixed in the proportion of two large handfuls of salt to a gallon of water. Sea water made warm, is still better. Keep your feet and ankle in the water until it begins to feel cool, rubbing them well with your hands. Then wipe them dry and rub them long and hard with a coarse towel. Where the feet are tender and easily fatigued, it is an excellent practice to go through this practice regularly every night, also on coming home from a walk. With preseverance this has cured neuralgia in the feet.

Sewing Machine Oil Stains.—To remove these rub the stains with sweet oil or lard and let it stand for several hours. Then wash it in soap and cold water.

Pitch and Tar Stains.—Rub lard on the stain and let it stand for a few hours. Sponge with spirits of turpentine until the satin is removed. If the color of the fabric be changed sponge it with chloroform and the color will be restored.

Ink Stains.—Tear blotting paper in pieces and hold the rough edges on the ink when it is freshly spilled, or cover the spot with Indian meal, or the liquid ink may be absorbed by cotton batting. If ink be spilled on a carpet cut a lemon in two, remove a part of the rind and rub the lemon on the stain. If the ink stained article be washed immediately in several waters and then in milk, letting it soak in the milk for several hours, the stain will disappear. Washing the article immediately in vinegar and water and then in soap and water is another remedy which will remove all ordinary ink stains. No matter what substance be used to remove ink the stain must be rubbed well. If the article stained be a carpet on the floor use a brush.

Grass Stains.—Rub the article stained with alcohol, then wash in clean water.

The housekeeper does not need to be told that during the summer days pies and heavy puddings are out of place for dessert, and even rich cake palls. If the mistress is wise she will put nothing else upon the table before the black coffee save custards, jellies or creams. The name of these is legion, and their variations so diverse that something so totally different is possible at each dinner.

Custard is custard, and there are not many receipts for making it. The difference between one sort and another lies practically in the flavoring. There is the old-fashioned baked custard, which has simply the flavor of a grating or two of nutmeg. For the making of this use one quart of milk, four eggs well beaten together, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a third of a saltspoonful of salt. It should be baked slowly. It is done when a silver knife can be slipped in and come out absolutely clean. The safest way of baking custard is to put the dish containing the mixture into a pan filled with water.

The recipe for boiled custard is a quart of milk, which should be allowed to come to a boil. Take two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a saltspoonful of salt and mix with four tablespoonfuls of water or cold milk. Four eggs should then be beaten light with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Into the boiling milk stir the flour and water and let boil until the milk is slightly thickened. Then draw to the side of the fire and beat in the eggs. Boil very slowly, for the reason that otherwise the eggs are apt to curdle. Put aside to cool. Two teaspoonfuls of vanilla should be put in as it is taken from the fire. Let it be remembered that this dish should always be served cold.

As to jellies, it is simply a question of flavoring—and gelatine. The flavors that are most tasty are wine (sherry and brandy mixed), lemon, coffee, orange, raspberry and strawberry. It is comparatively easy to make jelly nowadays, as with the specially prepared gelatines which come in packages practically all that is needed is to dissolve them in a little cold water and add the flavoring. Then add boiling water and sweeten, afterward pouring into the mould. The jelly should be put in the coolest place available, and after it hardens should be deposited in the ice box.

Bran bags are delightful adjuncts to summer baths. They soften and sweeten the water and add a new power of refreshment to the rites of ablution. They are rather expensive when bought, but when made at home they are among the cheapest of toilet luxuries.

The sleeves of bodices should receive care and attention in these days of big puffs. They should, after the bodice has been aired, be stuffed with newspaper or tissue paper so that they may not lose their shape. Bodices should not be hung up to crush one another, but should be laid, one above the other with tissue paper between, on broad, deep shelves.

Nothing is better for brittle nails than to rub them occasionally with refined vaseline. To improve the shape of the finger-tips and make them graceful and tapering, pinch them after each washing of the hands. A few months of this treatment will make a decided change in the appearance of the nails.

Patent leather shoes should be dusted after each wearing aired and rubbed with a little grease. When this has been rubbed off, they should be encased in chamois or suede coverings to prevent heat, cold or dust from doing their deadly work, and put away on shoe "trees."

Bread Griddle Cakes.—Put a pint of stale bread and a pint of milk into a deep bowl, and after covering let them stand over night in a warm place. In the morning rub through a colander and add to the mixture a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda (previously dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of cold water), one cupful of flour and two eggs beaten well. If you choose you may also add a light grating of nutmeg, and should have a few spoonfuls of sour cream—the cakes will be improved by using it at this point. It takes more time to fry these cakes than the plain flour griddle cakes.

Biscuit Ice Cream.—Use two quarts of whipped and drained cream, four eggs, three-fourths of a cupful of water and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Boil the sugar and water together for twenty-five minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff dry froth and gradually beat into them the hot syrup. Beat the yolks well and add them to the whites and syrup. Place the saucepan in another saucepan of boiling water and cook for ten minutes, beating all the time. Set the preparation away to cool. When cold, add the vanilla and mix the cream in lightly. Fill a mould and pack it in salt and ice, using five pints of salt for a gallon mould. It will take three or four hours to harden. Instead of the vanilla any of the following named flavors may be added: Four tablespoonfuls of wine, one teaspoonful of rum or four tablespoonfuls of maraschino.

Whoever heard of a house with too many cushions? The chairs need cushions, and so do the hammock, the sofas, divans, lounges, while generous, sturdy cushions for the feet are among the luxuries of rest. Always cover cushions first with unbleached muslin or bed ticking, and then put over it the outer covering. This will prevent the stuffing from working out and the pretty cases from wearing out too quickly.


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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
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## Gaining a Wife.

BY A. G.

TWENTY years ago I may have been in a good practice or I may not. Perhaps I had some prospects of future success—perhaps I hadn't. Perhaps I had both money and ability,—and perhaps I had neither. A man, you know, may be a Brodie or an Astley Cooper in embryo, and he may have a comfortable balance at a banker's; or a man—well, we'll suppose the reverse of the picture to be truth in my case.

Thus spoke my highly respected and respectable friend, Richard Robbins, M. D., a Mayfair physician, in very excellent practice, as we sat quietly discussing a glass of old Madeira and a prime Havannah in his study, on a hot July evening.

Mrs. Robbins and her "girls," as she was wont collectively to speak of her daughters, had departed for the opera, it being the last appearance for the season of the Diva, Patti. But all entreaties had, I shame to say, failed to induce either myself or the "head of the family" to join the party. Utterly wanting in taste, we preferred the dolce far niente of the little study, with its white muslin curtains gently oscillating in the night breeze, and the balmy scent of the flowers from the park, to the crowded box and stifling lobby of the opera house. It is scarcely necessary to remark that we cared not for the abomination of candles on such an evening; and although it had grown so dark that our faces were scarcely discernible to each other, we were content to sit, like two lazy and luxurious sultans as we were, languidly sipping our wine, and puffing forth the pale blue smoke of our "weeds."

I was studying for the bar, but it is just possible—but mind I do not admit the fact—that I might also have had an eye to making myself "eligible," in the view of pere et mere Robbins, for the eldest daughter of the "house." At any rate, Dr. Robbins was good enough to allow me to believe that I enjoyed a considerable portion of his esteem, and the disparity between his fifty years and my twenty-five was no bar to our mutual friendship. I was about to take a holiday for some months' duration, and the doctor, who was an athletic and vigorous man, and a keen sportsman, had just invited me to pass a month of it with himself and his family in the Highlands, and "take a turn at the grouse." It is so very unusual now-a-days to find a fashionable physician a perfect enthusiast in the pastime of grouse shooting, salmon fishing, and deer stalking, that I did not hesitate to express my surprise at my good friend's sporting tendencies. Thereat the doctor's face beamed with a knowing sort of smile, and he nodded sagaciously with an extremely roguish twinkle in his clear gray eye.

"Skitts, my boy," (for that is my not very euphonious name,) he at last rejoined, after delivering himself oracularly of the sentence which heads the chapter, "as for the grouse, I love 'em."

"Bless me, sir, that's rather a strong expression, isn't it?" said I, rather startled at the emphatic thump on the table with which this declaration was accompanied.

"Not a bit of it, sir, not a bit of it," retorted the doctor. "Mayn't a man love his own wife?"

I began to apprehend that the physician had taken a little more of the old Madeira than was good for his health.

"If it hadn't been for those little brown members of the feathered tribe, sir, (bless 'em again!) I should never have seen Mrs. Robbins."

"You don't say so?" said I, with an air of great interest (and interested, or rather curious, I really felt).

"Never have seen her, and never have married her," continued the doctor.

"It follows, of course," I returned, rather pleased at my own sharpness, "that if you had never seen her, you never could have married her."

I could not distinguish Dr. Robbin's face in the twilight, but his throat emitted such an ominous little dry sound, that I felt sure his features were clouded by a frown; so I hastened to say, "Pray, Dr. Robbins, do tell me how it occurred."

"Willingly," said the doctor, in the tone of a man who has a story he is wishing to tell. "Fill your glass first."

"Skitts," commenced my friend, "do you know what it is to be in bed and conscious that sleep is coming on you in a delicious drowsy fashion?"

"Certainly," said I, my thoughts again suggesting the potency of the old Madeira.

"And to feel not exactly unconscious, but your thoughts partly on the objects around you, and partly in the land of dreams?"

"Of course I do, sir," I replied.

"And then suddenly to be tickled on the nose by a loose feather, or a fly dropping from the ceiling?"

"Dr. Robbins!" I exclaimed, now perfectly certain that the Madeira was to blame; but the doctor went on quite calmly,—

"And then to feel that you must put up your hand to subdue the irritation caused by the intruder—in short, must rouse yourself, just as you had got into your favorite position for sleep?"

"I have gone through it all," I said; "it is highly exasperating; but somehow I manage to get over it."

"What do you do?" asked the doctor.

"Do?" I echoed, wondering if the doctor had lost his senses, and what on earth all this tended to. "Do? Why, smash the fly, or displace the feather, and go to sleep."

"I swore," returned Dr. Robbins, with a humorous chuckle, "swore like a trooper, sir."

"But really," I remonstrated, "what has all this to do with the grouse, or Mrs. Robbins?"

"We're coming to it," said he. "Well, the feather led to the grouse, and the grouse led to Mrs. Robbins, and Mrs. Robbins"—here the doctor nudged me with his elbow, as if the climax was particularly worthy of my notice,—"and Mrs. Robbins," he repeated, "led to Miss Robbins."

"Upon my word, doctor," I retorted, blushing in the dark, "your string of sequiturs puts me in mind of 'The House that Jack built.'"

"Ha, ha!" roared the doctor; "that's not so bad. But this is how it was, Skitts. You see it was in August, about four and twenty years ago, that I had a fortnight's leave of absence from my duties, and couldn't make up my mind where to go."

"Not so difficult, surely?" said I.

"H—m! well I don't know," said the doctor. "I was young and full of vagaries then. Well, sir, if you'll believe me, I had all my traps packed, ready to start in the morning, without having made up my mind where, and I had taken a cup of tea and gone to bed."

"Very sensible too, to prepare for the fatigue of your coming adventures," said I.

"No, sir, not sensible by any means. Tea is a deuced bad thing to sleep on. In fact, to some constitutions it's almost impossible to sleep on it at all."

"Oh indeed!" said I.

"Yes," said he. "And what with the confounded tea—I believe to this day I took all green, without thinking of it—and what with the intense heat, and what with the restlessness most of us feel when we are about to travel anywhere, not a wink could I get."

"Well?" said I.

"Well, I tried every device I could think of to fall asleep," he replied. "I made mental calculations, I counted the roses on the walls, which I could plainly see in the moonlight; but, as usual, the more I tried to coax Morpheus 'the more he wouldn't come,' as Paddy says."

"How provoking!" said I.

"Well, sir," he continued, "it was getting broad daylight when at last, tired out, I began to feel slumber stealing upon me. I had got my head in a cosy hollow of the pillow, and had got my arm in my favorite position beneath my head; I felt that most soothing of all sensations to a weary person—I was 'going off.'"

"Glad you succeeded at last," I remarked.

"Not a bit of it—ugh! When I was on the verge—the extreme verge—of insensibility, a wretched gnat came buzzing about my face so spitefully, that I jerked my head suddenly back, and in doing so and coughing, drew a feather into my mouth."

"How exceedingly disagreeable!" I said, laughing.

"Disagreeable!" he repeated. "The thing actually stuck in my throat, sir, and the fit of coughing which it induced so thoroughly awakened me, that, what with that and the sunshine pouring into the room, I felt further attempts at sleep to be out of the question."

"It was then that you swore, I suppose, doctor?"

"Swore?" said he. "It was enough to make a man swear like Dirk Hatterick and Captain Culpepper."

"Well, well," I interrupted, "what came of it?"

"Came of it?" answered the physician, heartily responding to my laugh. "Good heavens, what surprising things spring from little causes! Why, sir, Mrs. Robbins came of it."

The idea so tickled us both, that we redoubled our merriment.

"Yes," continued the doctor, "naturally I looked at the feather which had caused me this annoyance. It was a pretty speckled feather, from some game-fowl. Well, the game fowl put me in the mind of pheasants, and from pheasants I got to partridges, and from partridges to grouse. And then I remembered that I had a jolly sort of uncle in the Highlands, who had given me a general invitation to his shooting-lodge. 'Come, whenever you can get away from the drugs, laddie,' he had said to me; 'and we'll show you how to kill a grouse, and eat it afterwards.'"

"Oh, I see, doctor," I interposed, nodding. "You made up your mind to spend your holiday in Scotland."

"You've guessed it," replied Dr. Robbins,—"I did so; and, what's more, I went."

"And, I trust, enjoyed your visit?" I said.

"Enjoyed it!" said he; "it was the event of my life, sir. There I met——but ah," sighed the doctor, meditatively sipping his wine, "she's no more like she was then than I'm like a scuttle full of coals!"

"Really, doctor," I said, in a remonstrative tone, "if, as I presume, you allude to Mrs. Robbins——"

But the good man, wrapped in his reflections, went on as if he had not heard me. "She's a fine woman now—a dear, good woman, too,—and that's better. But then, ——ah!"

"However, doctor, you have not satisfied my curiosity," I ventured to remark.

"Here's the bottle, help yourself," he said, starting from his reverie. "Well, as I was saying, I went to Scotland, to my uncle's. He was, as I have said, a good sort of man, and he had a remarkably pleasant party of friends gathered round him for the shooting season. Not a large, noisy batch of dogmatic old squires, empty-headed 'swells,' and flirty girls, but a compact, cozy party of about a dozen, consisting of three pleasant friends and their wives and daughters; sensible and select."

"Very nice indeed!" I ejaculated.

"Nice!" said he. "Ah, such parties as we had then! If you had been one of us at those picnics, sir, you'd never have wished to go to any others."

Making allowance for the fact that at this period of his life the "sweet glamor of love" was upon Dr. Robbins, I resolved in my own mind that it was perfectly within the bounds of possibility that other picnic parties might be equally pleasant, and even more so.

"I was a young sap at that time," continued the doctor, "and didn't know a grouse from a blackcock, except on the dinner table, and, moreover, had never handled a gun in my life, nor seen a red deer on his native heather; so my uncle had to initiate me, from the commencement of my visit, into all the mysteries necessary to be understood by a Highland sportsman. I took to it wonderfully, and soon became expert. But I was eager at the sport, and rash, sir,—rash, as all novices are, and I had to pay the penalty."

"I hope it was not a heavy one," I said.

"Well, you shall judge," was the reply. "I lost two fingers, and gained—a wife."

"Lost two fingers!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," continued the doctor, holding up his hand; "I put an overcharge in my gun, and what was the consequence? Why it burst, sir, it burst. It blew into ever so many pieces, and two of my fingers blew into pieces with it."—"Ah!" said I.

"Such a scene!" said he. "You may suppose I called out pretty loud. And the ladies (they had met us to take lunch on the hills) fainted to a woman, all but one, sir, and she——"

"Well, doctor?"

"Well," said the doctor, "in her distress she let fall some words which showed me in which quarter the wind blew, I can tell you."

"Oh!" I ejaculated, significantly.

"I had rather a severe illness, sir. There was danger of lockjaw, and I'll leave you to guess who nursed me, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh yes, doctor," said I, slyly; "I can very well guess, 'all that sort of thing,' as you call it."

Dr. Robbins laughed, and though I couldn't see him, I've no doubt he blushed like a young girl.

"Next year," he went on, "I repeat my visit, and I had become so expert with my gun, that I took home plenty of spoil with me, and—ahem!—took away something else, also."

"And that was?" I said——

"Mrs. Robbins!" he replied, laughing heartily.

"Quite a romance, my dear doctor."

"Just so," he assented. "Well, now ring the bell, Skitts, and we'll have a broiled bone, and a bit of old Stilton, before mamma and the girls come home."


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When Phœbus' waking kissed the earth in light,
And chased with fire the instruments of day,
There winged one fitted a god full armed for flight.

The warrior Cupid of all coming ring away
Mid wounds and deaths swift aimed he flew
To greet the Psyche of his soul's adoring.
Loud the inspired strains of welcome grew.
He neared the object, his bow in silence drew—
Pausing in rapture, till with intense new
Heat he drew Psyche with an aim ever true,
And found herself in gracious poets—snoring.

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A hackneyed expression—"Cab, sir?"

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Straining sweetness—Kissing through a veil.

The coming generation promises to be a shyster race.

Safe and sound—A fight conducted over the telephone.

Caught in the act—The performer who forgets its part.

When are acrobats murderers?—When the pulse on each side.

Etiquette—If you pay a visit, it is not necessary to take a receipt.

The only men who have a right to talk of their extraordinary—Jewelers.

What kind of sweetmeats were there in the Ark?—Preserved pairs.

Why is a haughty boy like the letter t?—Because he makes "me" "mad."

If you want to learn just where a man stands follow him into a crowded street car.

Give a dog a bad name, and he'll learn to answer to it as well as to any other.

A metropolitan paper advertises for a young man to open oysters seventeen years old.

Adversity is a great teacher. Even a postage stamp has to get stuck before it's any good.

Hoax: "I like Scribbler's poetry." Joax: "Why?" Hoax: "Because it's never published."

She is a queer woman who asks no questions, although the woman who does is frequently.

Old lady: "My friend, are you a Christian?" Beggar: "Well, mum, no one has ever accused me of workin' on Sunday."

Mummies do not look as though they were in a hurry, yet it is certain that at first they must have been pressed for time.

Jumson: "I hear that young Dr. Saphead fell down stairs and fractured his skull." Stimpson: "Impossible. Mashed it probably."

"No, Maud dear, we really do not know who should hold the stakes when a girl makes a bet of a dozen kisses with her best young man."

Nell: "Why did you marry that dried-up old millionaire?" Belle: "But he said he would die for me."

"Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire," as the stern employer said after the cigarette-consuming clerk had walked dejectedly away.

Scribbler: "I say, doctor, what's this swelling at the back of my neck?" Doctor: "Oh, it's nothing serious, but I should advise you to keep your eye on it."

"So you and George have been staying with my dear old friends Sir Isaac and Lady Limerick Walton? Didn't you find them very nice to you?" "Yes, especially when we were leaving."

A schoolboy spelt "sob," and, when asked to define it, blundered out, "It means when a feller don't want to cry, and it bursts out itself." Another defined a comma as "a period with a tail."

Guest: "By Jove, I've eaten such a hearty dinner that I guess I'll have to go upstairs and sleep it off." Hotel clerk: "In that case we'll have to charge you with a meal taken to your room."

Mr. Epsom Downes, seated beside a stranger in a street car: "What time is it by your watch, please?"

Stranger: "I don't know."

Mr. Epsom: "But you just looked at it."

Stranger: "Yes; I only wanted to see if it was still there."

The traveler shaded his eyes with his hand and looked anxiously about him.

"Is there a man in the village," he asked, "who can shoe a horse?"

"Yes, sir," said a boy in the crowd, "but he's busy mending a broken carriage, and there's six blacksmiths ahead of you besides. You'd better go on to the next town, mister."

"PEARLS OF THOUGHT."—A German author is said to have made a collection of mixed metaphors, which he calls "Pearls of Thought." Some of them are worth quoting, if only as a warning to high flown orators not to allow their magniloquence to fly away with them altogether.

"We will," cried an inspired democrat, "burn all our ships, and, with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom."

Even that flight is surpassed by an effort of Justice Minister Hye, who, in 1848 in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared, "The chariot of the Revolution is rolling along and guashing its teeth as it rolls." A Pan-Germanist mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the Emperor.

He said, "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany—such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in its eye." We have heard of the mouth having an eye tooth, but never before of the mouth's eye.

But there are even literary men who cannot open their mouth "without putting their foot in it." Professor Johannes Scherr is an example of such. In a critique on Lenau's lyrics he writes, "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up carrying far flashing pearls of thought in their beaks."

Songs and beaks are certainly related to one another, but were never seen in that incongruous connection before. A German preacher, speaking of a repentant girl, said, "She knelt in the temple of her interior and prayed fervently"—a feat no india-rubber doll could imitate.

The German parliamentary oratory of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture; but one must suffice. Count Frankenberg is the author of them. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the forelock."

But none of these pearls of thought and expression surpasses the speech of the immortal Joseph Prudhomme on being presented with a sword of honor by the company he commanded in the National Guard of France. "Gentlemen," said he, "this sword is the brightest day of my life!"

"ELLA, is your father at home?" said a tearful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something very important to him." "No, Clarence, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just a well?" And he did, with perfect success.


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## Reading Railroad.

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On and after June 29, 1896

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp. { daily 9.00 a m / daily 4.30 p m / daily 9.45 p m } for

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (sleeper) 11.40 p m.

Lake Haven, Cape May and Pa. Beds Express (Sleeper) daily except Saturday, 11.40 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.35, 10.15, 11.45 a m, 12.30, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car, p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 4.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.56, 8.19, 9.16, 10.56 a m, 12.14 p m, 12.57 (Dining cars, 2.39, 4.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.46 p m. Sunday 4.56, 8.36, 10.16 a m, 12.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.46 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a m, 1.00, 3.30, 4.30, 5.00 (two-hour train), 6.00, 7.30, 8.45, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.00, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (saturday only, 1.30) p m), 2.00, 4.00, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.35, 9.30 a m, 1.00, 4.25, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Daily (Does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Saturday, 5.30 p m. 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.20, 7.42, 11.45 a m, 1.45, 4.45, 6.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.42, 8.45, 6.00 p m.

For Reading Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (saturdays only, 1.30) p m, 4.00, 6.10, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.20, 7.42 a m, 1.45, 4.45, 6.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 1.30 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 6.20 a m, 2.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. For Pottsville—8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.20, 7.42 a m, 1.45 p m. Sun. day—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 4.00 p m. Accom., 6.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, 10.00 a m. (saturdays only 1.30) p m, 5.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.00, 7.30, 8.00, 10.00 p m. Accom., 6.30, 7.45, 9.30, 11.00 a m, 1.00, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 4.30, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.00, 10.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Additional from Kensington Depot, 9.00 a m. Parlor Cars on all express trains. Dining cars on Royal Blue Express.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, depot, corner Arctic Ave. and Pacific Ave., week-days, express, 7.00, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 7.40, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.00, 8.30 a m, 4.00 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 7.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.00 p m. Additional from Kentucky Ave., 8.00 a m. Parlor Cars on all express trains. Dining cars on Royal Blue Express. Additional trains from Ocean City depot, corner Asbury Ave. and Plymouth Place, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Sundays, 4.00 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND OCEAN CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 9.00 a m. (Saturdays only, 1.30) p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Sundays, 4.30 p m.

Bridgeton, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 4.30 p m.

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